K 2 c. 13.

THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
SONGS OR AYRES OF
foure parts, with Tablature for the Lute.

SO MADE, THAT ALL THE parts together, or either of them seuerally, may be sung to the Lute, Orpherian, or Viol de gambo.

Composed by IOHN DOWLAND, *Lutenist and Bacheler of Musick* in both the Vniuersities.

Also an inuention by the said Author for two to play vpon one Lute.

Newly corrected and amended.

Iohn Maxham. C.

Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus artes.

Imprinted at London by *Humfrey Lownes* dwelling on Bredstreet-hill, at the signe of the Starre. 1612.

6c

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY, OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER

Knight; Baron of Hunſdon, Captaine of her Maieſties Gentlemen *Penſioners, Gouernour of the Iſle of Wight, Lieutenant* of the County of Southt: Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties moſt royall Houſe, and of her Highneſſe moſt *Honorable Priuy Councell.*

THat harmony (right Honourable) which is skilfully expreſt by Inſtruments, albeit, by reaſon of the variety of number and proportion, of it ſelfe, it eaſily ſtirres vp the mindes of the hearers to admiration and delight, yet for higher authority and power hath beene euer worthily attributed to that kind of Muſicke, which to the ſweetneſſe of Inſtrument applyes the liuely voyce of man, expreſsing ſome worthy ſentence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as all antiquity can witneſſe) firſt grew the heauenly Art of Muſicke: for *Linus Orpheus* and the reſt, according to the number and time of their Poems, firſt framed the numbers and times of Muſicke: So that *Plato* defines Melodie to conſiſt of harmony, number, and words; harmony, naked of it ſelfe; words the ornament of harmony, number the common friend and vniter of them both. This ſmall Booke contayning the conſent of ſpeaking harmony, ioyned with the moſt muſicall inſtrument the Lute, being my firſt labour, I haue preſumed to dedicate to your Lordſhip, who for your vertue and Nobility are beſt able to protect it; and for your Honourable fauours towards me, beſt deſeruing my duety and ſeruice. Beſides, your noble inclination and loue to all good Artes, and namely the diuine ſcience of Muſicke, doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can be added to Nobility. Neyther in theſe your honors may I let paſſe the dutifull remembrance of your vertuous Ladie my honorable Miſtreſſe, whoſe ſingular graces towards me haue added ſpirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue beſtowed in the ſearch of Muſicke, what trauell in forraine Countries, what ſucceſſe and eſtimation euen amongſt ſtrangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine, were it not that your honorable hands haue vouchſaft to vphold my poore fortunes: which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection, with theſe my firſt endeuours, humbly beſeeching you to accept and cheriſh them with your continued fauours.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſeruant,

IOHN DOVVLAND.

To the courteous Reader.

How hard an enterpriſe it is, in this skilfull and curious age, to commit our private labours to the publike viewe, mine owne diſability, and others hard ſucceſſe doe too well aſſure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of Muſicke, I had concealed theſe my firſt fruits. Which how they will thriue with your taſte I know not: howſoeuer, the greater part of them might haue beene ripe enough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be ſeuere againſt them, being it ſelfe a party: and thoſe ſweet ſprings of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuerſities) will entertaine them for his ſake, whom they haue already graced, and as it were, infranchiſd in the ingenuous profeſsion of Muſick, which from my childhood I haue euer aymed at; ſundry times leauing my nati Countrey, the better to attaine ſo excellent a ſcience. About ſixt yeers paſt, I trauelled the chiefeſt parts of *France*, a Nation furniſht with great variety of Muſicke lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my courſe toward the famous prouinces o *many*; where I found both excellent Maſters, and moſt honorable Patrons of Muſicke: Namely, two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Iulio* Duke of *Brunſwick*, and learnet *ritius*, *Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*; of whoſe Princely vertues and fauours toward me I can neuer ſpeake ficiently. Neyther can I forget the kindneſſe of *Alexandro Herologio*, a right learned maſter of M ſicke, ſeruant to the royall Prince the *Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*, and *Gregorio Hewet* Luteniſt to the magnificent Duke of *Brunſwick*: both whom I name as well for their loue to me, as alſo for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing ſpent ſome moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy Countrey, I paſt ouer the *Alpes* into *Italy*, where I found the Cities furniſht with all good Artes, but eſpecially Muſicke. What fauour and eſtimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, and diuers other places, I willingly ſuppreſſe, leaſt I ſhould any way ſeeme partiall in mine owne indeuours: yet can I not diſſemble the great content I found in the profered amitie of the famous *Luca Marenzio*, whoſe ſundry letters I receiued from *Rome*: and one of them, becauſe it is but ſhort, I haue thought good to ſet downe; not thinking it any diſgrace to be proud of the iudgement of ſo excellent a man.

Multo Magnifico Signior mio oſſeruandiſsimo.

Per una lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluezzi ho inteſo quanto con corteſe affetto ſi moſtri deſideroſo di eſſermi congionto d'amicitia, donde infinitamente la ringratio di queſto ſuo buon'animo, offerendo mogli all'incontro ſe in alcuna coſa la poſſo ſeruire, poi che gli meriti delle ſue infinite virtù, & qualità meritano che ogni uno & me l'ammirino & oſſeruino, & per fine di queſto le baſcio le mani. Di Roma à 13. di Giuglio. 1595.

D.V.S. Affettionatiſsimo ſeruitore,
LVCA MARENZIO.

Not to ſtand too long vpon my trauels, I will only name that worthy Maſter *Giouanni Croce*, Vicemaſter of the Chappell of S^t. Markes in Venice, with whom I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now readie to practiſe at home, if I may out finde encouragement in my firſt aſſayes. There haue beene diuers Lute-leſſons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, falſe and imperfect; but I purpoſe ſhortly my ſelfe to ſet forth the choyſeſt of all my leſſons in Print, and alſo an introduction for fingering, with other bookes of ſongs; whereof this is the firſt: and as this findes fauour with you, ſo ſhall I be affected to labour in the reſt. Farewell.

THO. CAMPIANI Epigramma de inſtituto Authoris.

Famam, poſteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Muſica dat ſibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis ſonos;
Quas & delitias præbuit auribus,
Ipſis conſpicuas luminibus facit.

A Table of all the Songs contayned in this Booke.

VNquiet thoughts.	I.
Who euer thinkes or hopes of loue for loue.	II.
My thoughts are winged with hopes.	III.
If my complaints could paſſions moue.	IIII.
Can ſhe excuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V.
Now, O now I needs muſt part.	VI.
Deare if you change Ile neuer chuſe againe.	VII.
Burſt forth my teares.	VIII.
Goe cryſtall teares.	IX.
Think'ſt thou then by thy fayning.	X.
Come away, come ſweet loue.	XI.
Reſt a while you cruell cares.	XII.
Sleep wayward thoughts.	XIII.
All ye whom loue or fortune hath betrayd.	XIIII.
Wilt thou vnkinde thus reaue me of my heart?	XV.
Would my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe.	XVI.
Come againe: ſweet loue doth now inuite.	XVII.
His golden locks time hath to ſiluer turnd.	XVIII.
Awake ſweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX.
Come heauy ſleepe.	XX.
Away with theſe ſelf-louing lads.	XXI.
A Galliard for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the Booke.	

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HOw hard an enterpriſe it is, in this skilfull and curious age, to commit our priuate labours to the publike viewe, mine owne diſability, and others hard ſucceſſe doe too well aſſure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of Muſicke, I had concealed theſe my firſt fruits. Which how they will thriue with your taſte I know not: howſoeuer, the greater part of them might haue beene ripe enough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be ſeuere againſt them, being it ſelfe a party: and thoſe ſweet ſprings of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuerſities) will entertaine them for his ſake, whom they haue already graced, and as it were, infranchiſd in the ingenuous profeſsion of Muſick, which from my childhood I haue euer aymed at; ſundry times leauing my natiue Countrey, the better to attaine ſo excellent a ſcience. About ſixteene yeers paſt, I trauelled the chiefeſt parts of *France*, a Nation furniſht with great variety of Muſicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my courſe toward the famous prouinces of *Germany*; where I found both excellent Maſters, and moſt honorable Patrons of Muſicke: Namely, thoſe two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Iulio* Duke of *Brunſwick*, and learned *Maritius*, *Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*; of whoſe Princely vertues and fauours toward me I can neuer ſpeake ſufficiently. Neyther can I forget the kindneſſe of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned maſter of Muſicke, ſeruant to the royall Prince the *Lantzgraue* of *Heſſen*, and *Gregorio Howet* Luteniſt to the magnificent Duke of *Brunſwick*: both whom I name as well for their loue to me, as alſo for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing ſpent ſome moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy Countrey, I paſt ouer the *Alpes* into *Italy*, where I found the Cities furniſht with all good Artes, but eſpecially Muſicke. What fauour and eſtimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, and diuers other places, I willingly ſuppreſſe, leaſt I ſhould any way ſeeme partiall in mine owne indeuours: yet can I not diſſemble the great content I found in the profered amitie of the famous *Luca Marenzio*, whoſe ſundry letters I receiued from *Rome*: and one of them, becauſe it is but ſhort, I haue thought good to ſet downe; not thinking it any diſgrace to be proud of the iudgement of ſo excellent a man.

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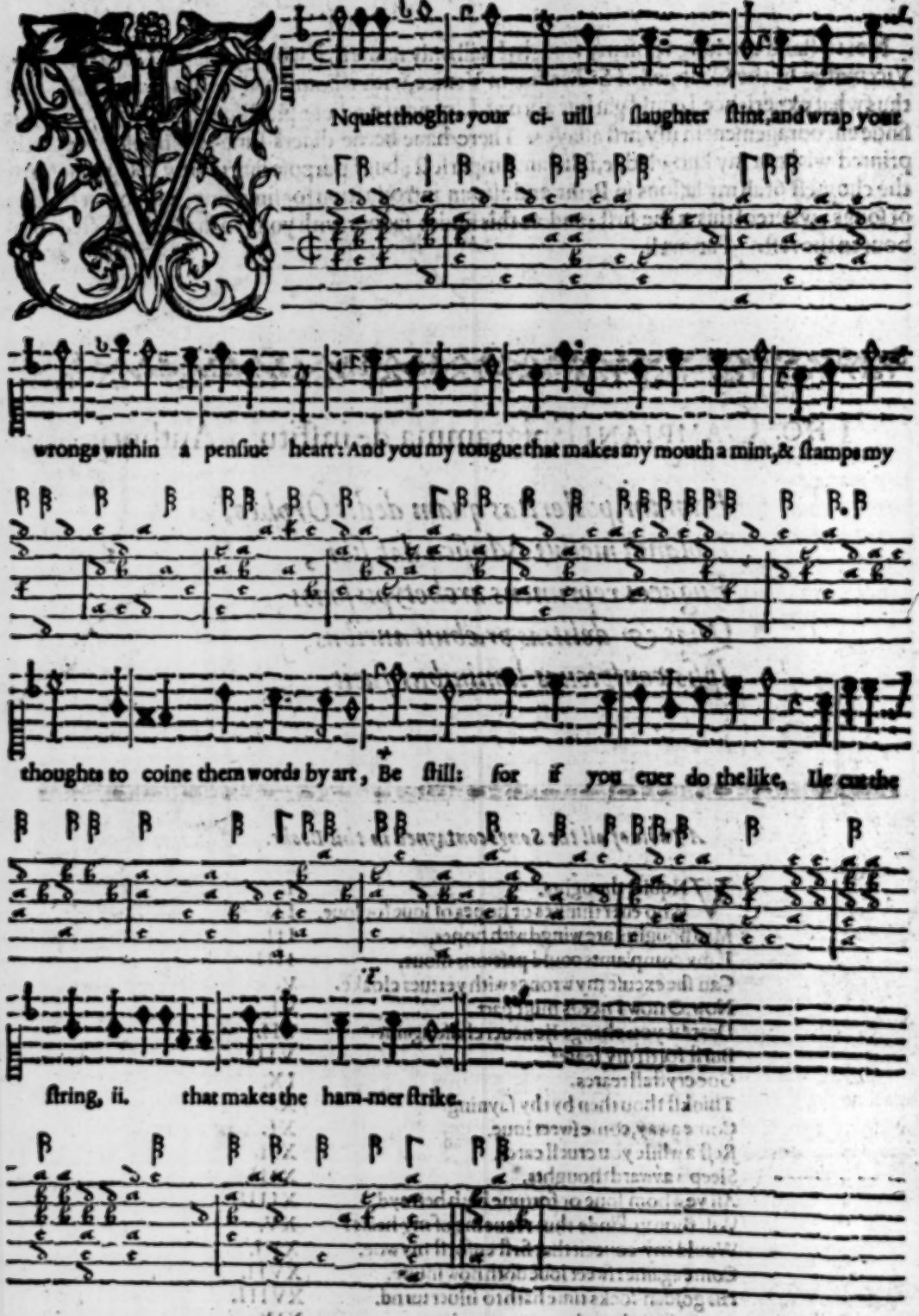
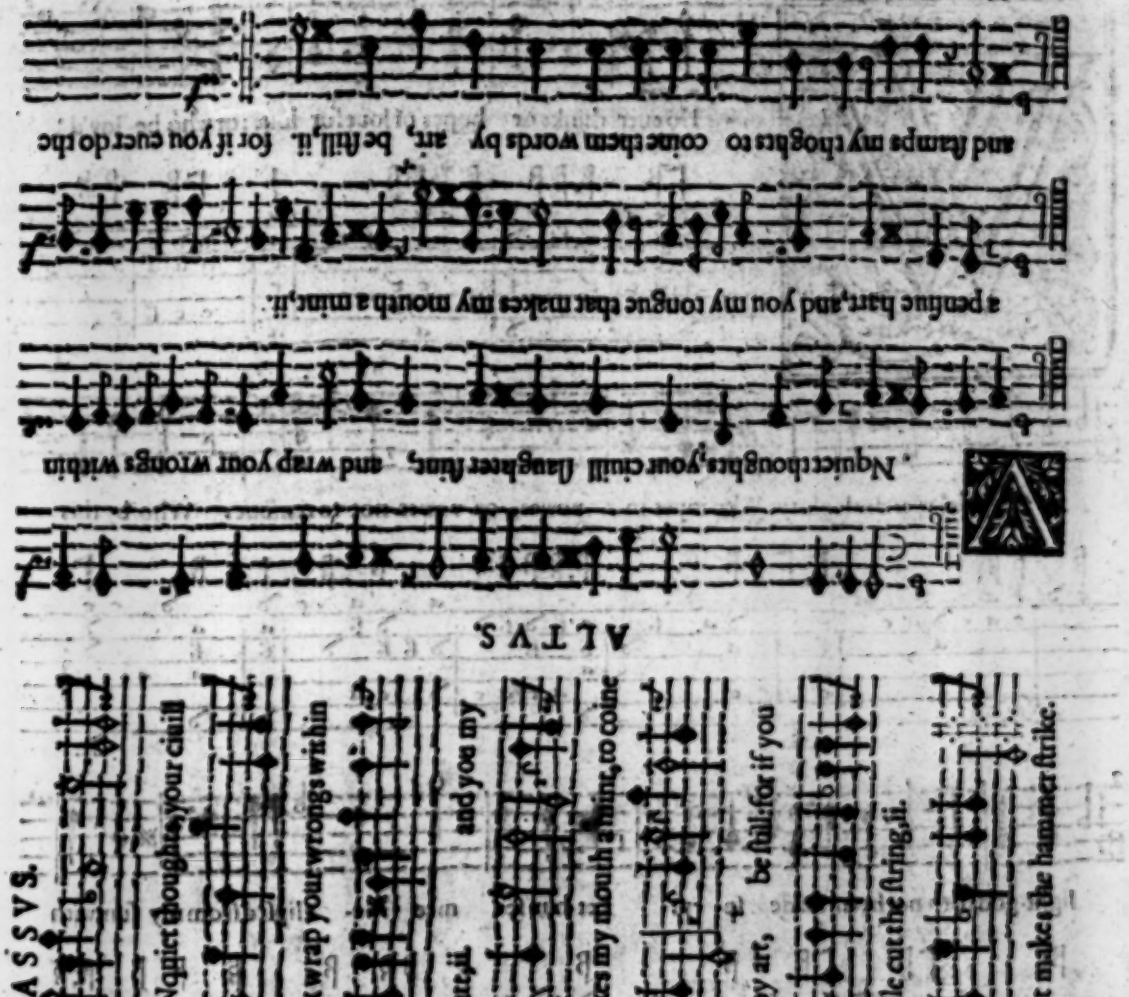


But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart,
Open the locke where all my loue doth lie,
Ile seale them vp within their lids for euer:
So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eyes?
My thoghts must haue som vent: else hart wil break.
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake.
Speake then, and tell the passions of desire,
Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire.


ALTVS.
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within
a pensiue hart: and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, & stamps my
thoughts, my thoughts to coine, ii. them words by art, be still: for if you euer do the like,
Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.
BASSVS.
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, & wrap your wrongs within
a pensiue hart, ii. and you my
tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine
them words by art, be still: for if you
do the like, Ile cut the string, ii.
the string that makes the hammer strike.
TENOR.
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within
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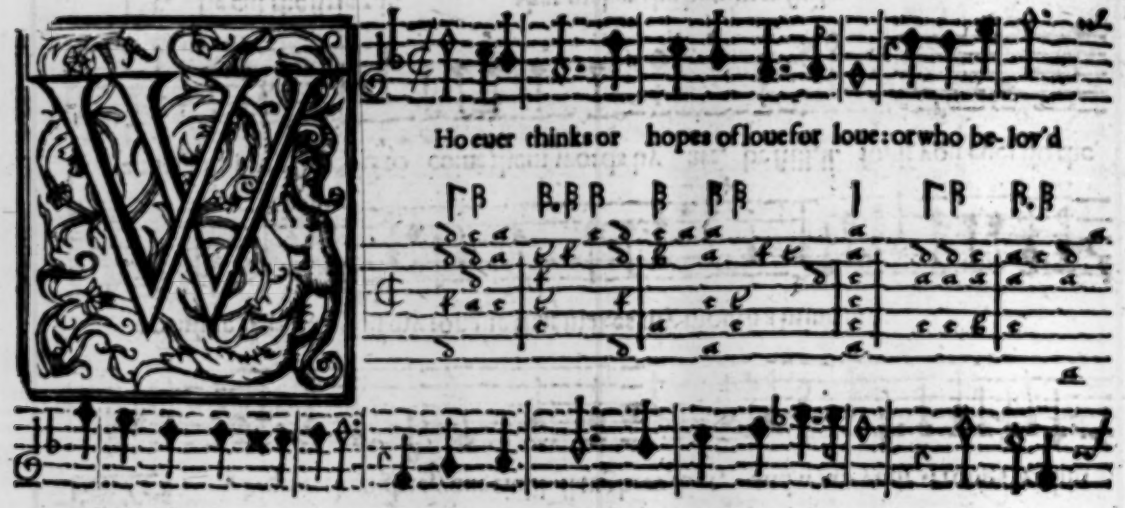
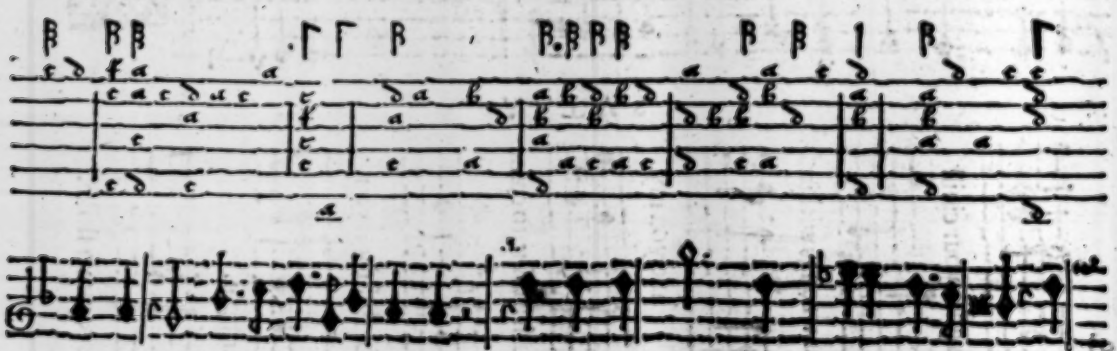
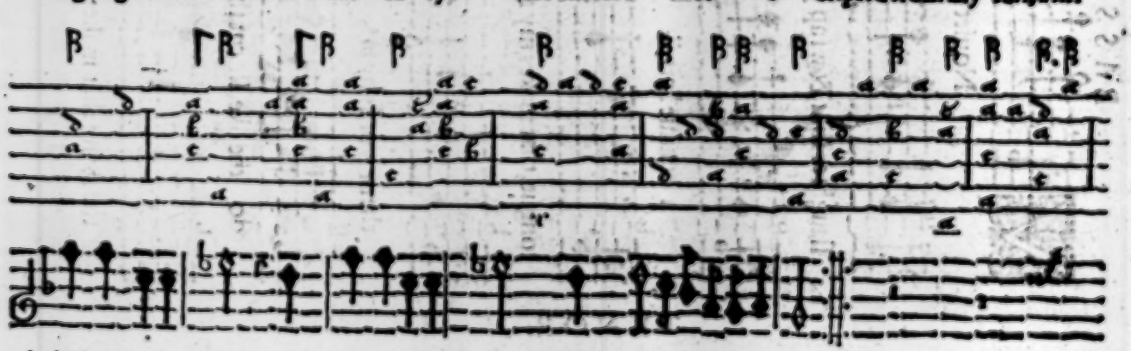


Whoeuer thinks or hopes of loue for loue: or who be-lov'd

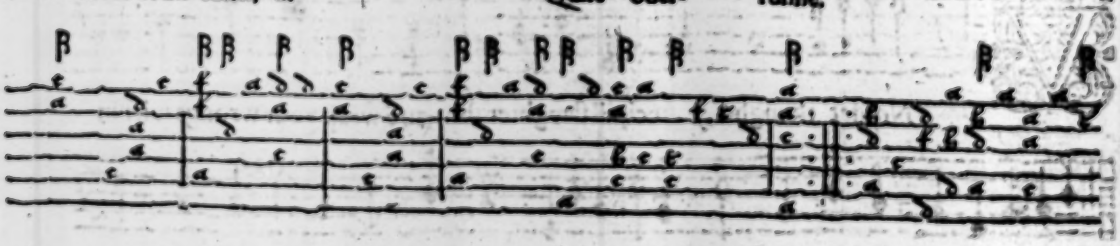
in Cu-pids lawes doth glory: Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remoue: Who by this



light-god hath not been made so- ry: Let him see mee e- clipsed from my sun, with



dark clouds of an earth, ii. Quite ouer- runne.

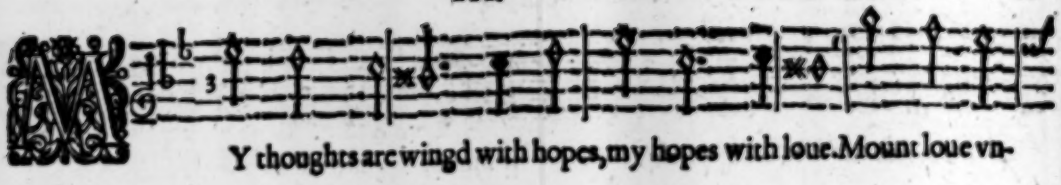


Who thinks that sorrowes felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the fruit that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by intreaty charmd,
Looking on me let him know, loues delights
Are treasures hid in caues, but kept by sprights.

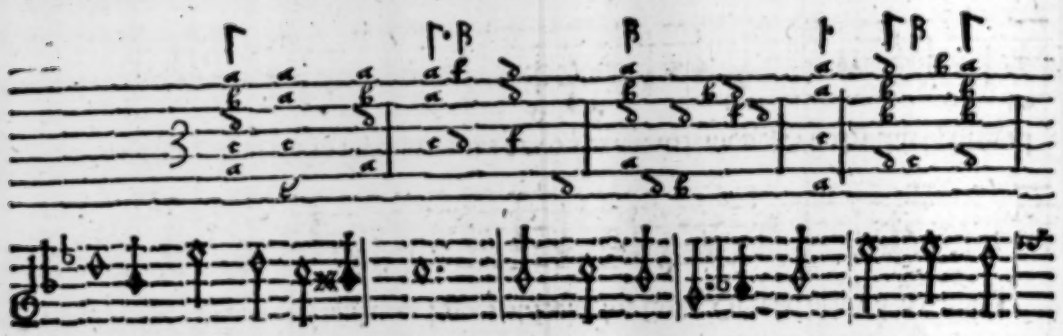
ALTVS.
Ho euer thinkes or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who belov'd in Cupids
lawes doth glory, Who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, Who by this light-god
hath not bin made sorie: Let him see me eclipsed from my sun, my sun with
darke clouds of an earth. ii. quite ouer-runne. Quite ouer-runne.

BASSVS.
Ho euer thinkes or hopes of loue, for loue,
Or who belov'd in Cupids laws doth glory, Who
ioyes in vows or vowes not to remoue, who by this
light-god hath not bin made sory, Let him see me
eclipsed from my sun, With dark clouds of an
earth ii. quite ouerrun, clouds of
an earth quite ouerrun, let him see

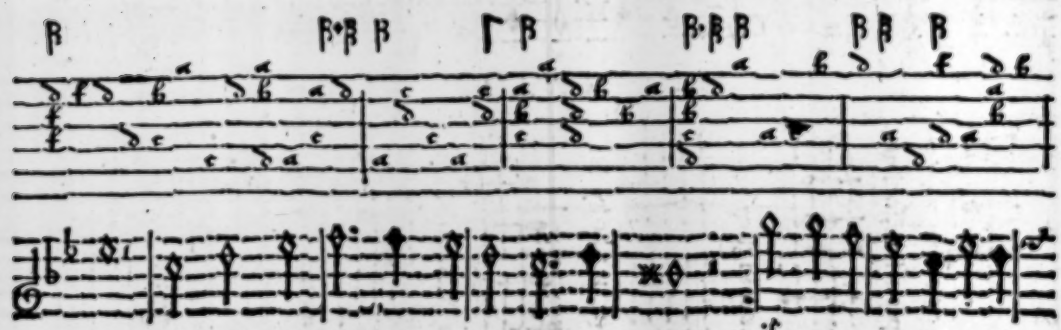
TENOR.
Ho euer thinkes or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who be- lov'd in Cupids
lawes doth glory, Who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, Who by this light-god
hath not bin made sorie, Let him see me eclipsed from my sun, eclipsed from my sun, With
dark clouds of an earth. ii. quite ouer-runne, of an earth quite ouerrun.



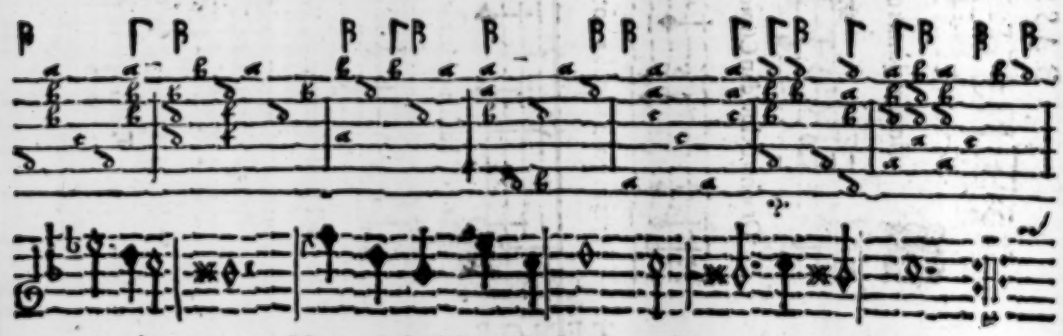
WY thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue. Mount loue vn-



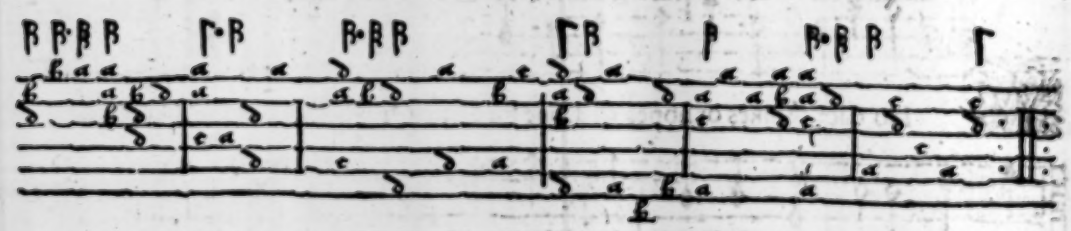
to the Moone in cleereſt night, And ſay as ſhe doth in the hea- uens



moue, In earth ſo wanes and wax-eth my de- light: And whiſper this but ſoftly



in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt ſhead teares.



And you my thoughts that ſome miſtruſt do cary,
If for miſtruſt my miſtreſſe do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not varie,
As ſhe doth change, and yet remaine the ſame:
Diſtruſt doth enter hearts, but not infect,
And loue is ſweeteſt ſeaſoned with ſuſpect.

If ſhe, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,
And make the heauens darke with her diſdaine,
With windy ſighes, diſperſe them in the skies,
Or with thy teares diſſolue them into raine;
Thoughts, hopes, & loue return to me no more
Till Cynthia ſhine as ſhe hath done before.

in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head,and truſt head teares.
heauens moue, In earth ſo wanes and waxeth my delight: And whiſper this but ſoftly
vn-to the Moone, the Moone In cleereſt night, And ſay as ſhe doth in the
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IF my complaints could paſ- ſi- ons moue, or make loue
My paſſions were e- nough to proue, that my de-

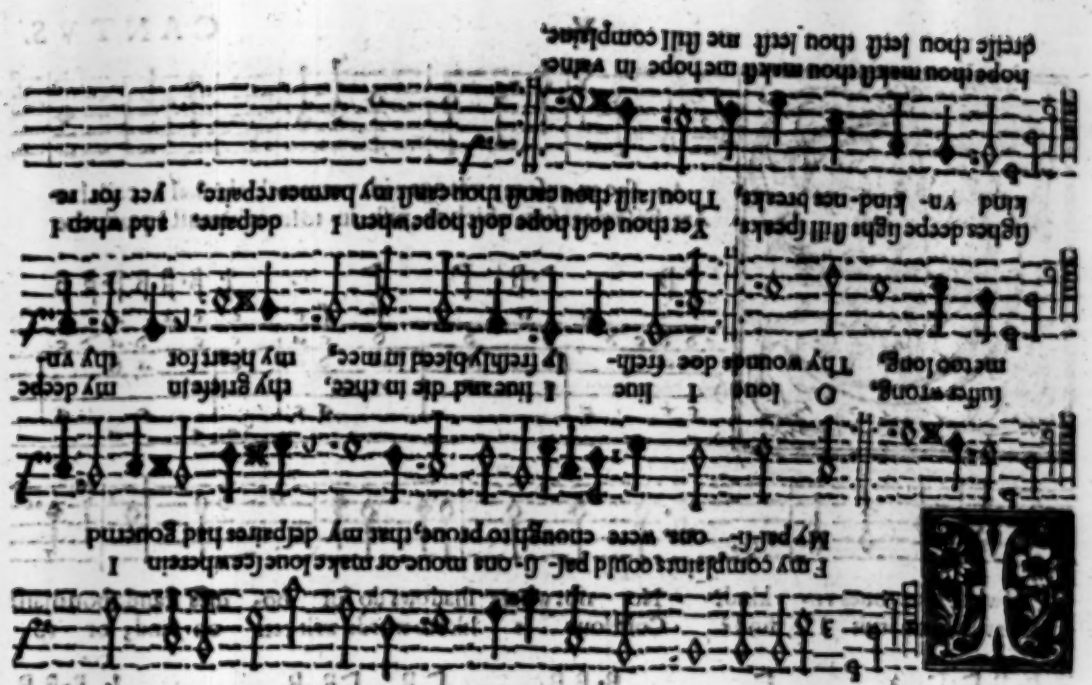
ſee wherein I ſuf- fer wrong: O loue, I liue and die in
ſpaires had gouernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe freſh- ly bleed in

thee, thy griefe in my deepe ſighes ſtill ſpeakes: Yet thou doſt
mee, my heart for thy vn- kind- neſſe breakes: Thou ſaiſt thou

hope when I de- ſpaire, and when I hope, thou makſt me hope in vaine.
canſt my harmes re- paire, yet for redreſſe, thou letſt me ſtill com- plaine.

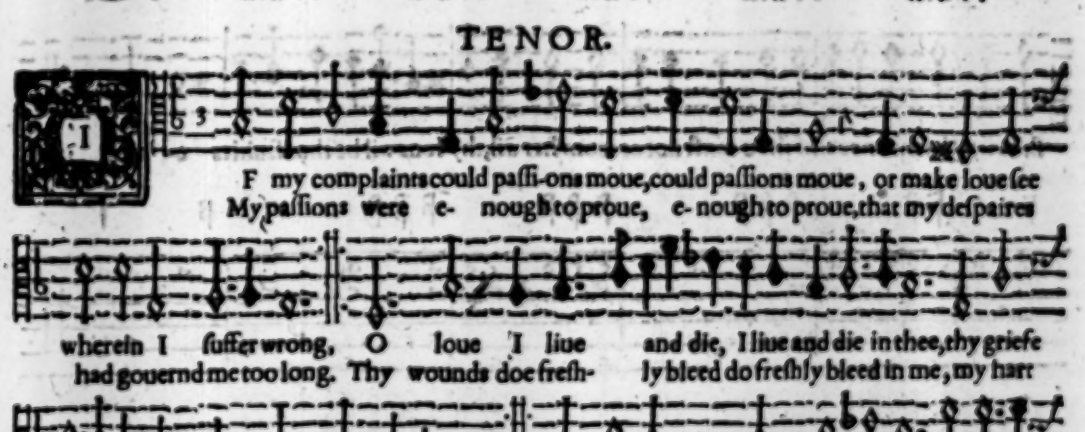
Can loue be rich, and yet I want?
Is loue my Iudge, and yet I am condemnd?
Thou plenty haſt, yet me doſt ſcant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemnd.
That I do liue, it is thy power:
That I deſire it is thy worth:

If loue doth make mens liues too ſowre,
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth.
Die ſhall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May heere deſpaire, which truely ſaith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.

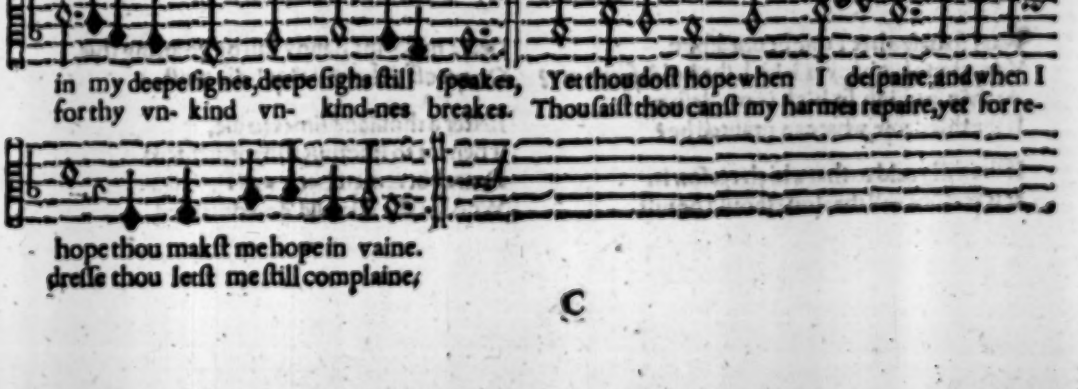


ALTVS.

BASSVS.



TENOR.



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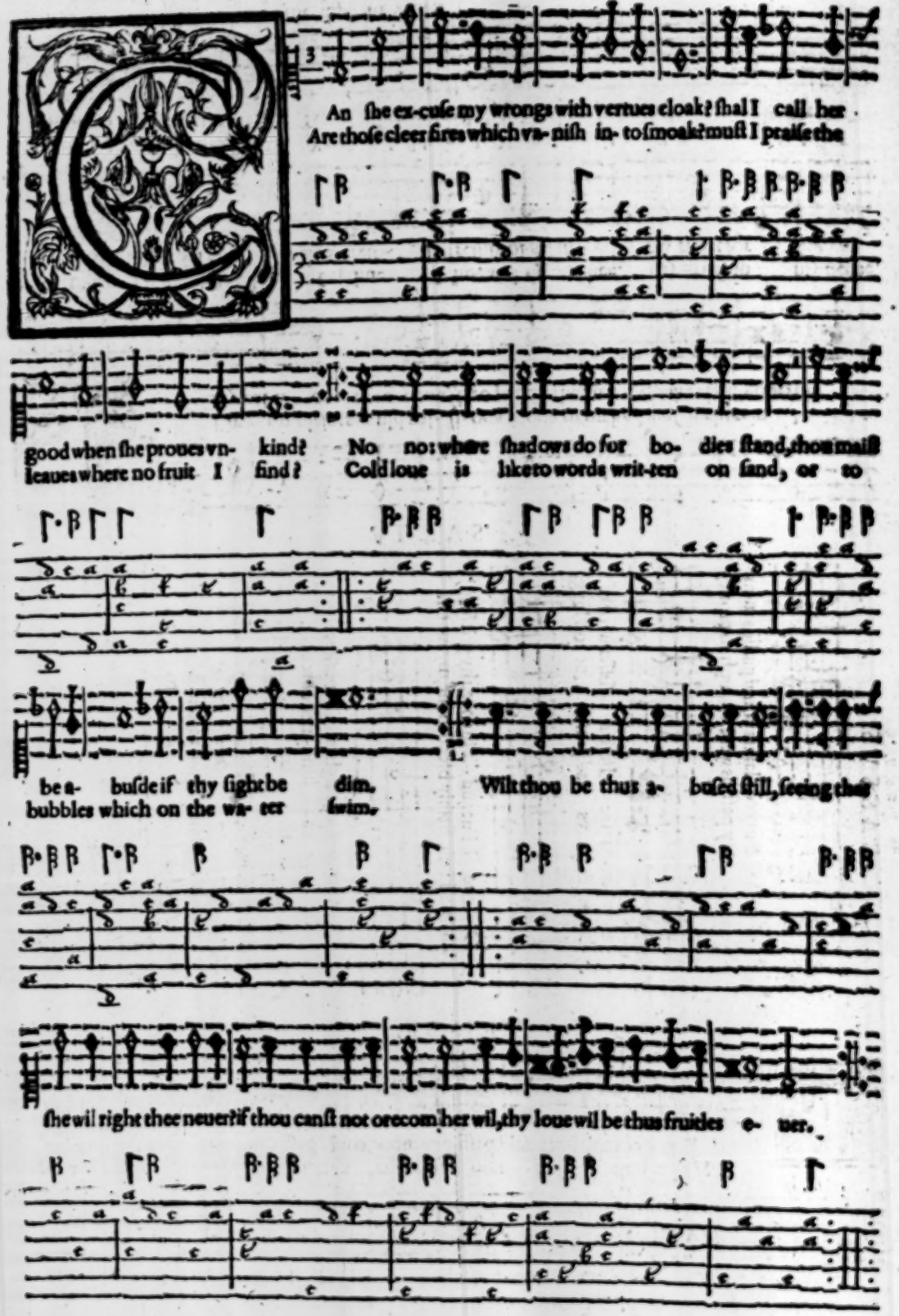


Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Vnto those high ioyes which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If she this denie, what can granted be?

If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reasons will that loue should be iust.

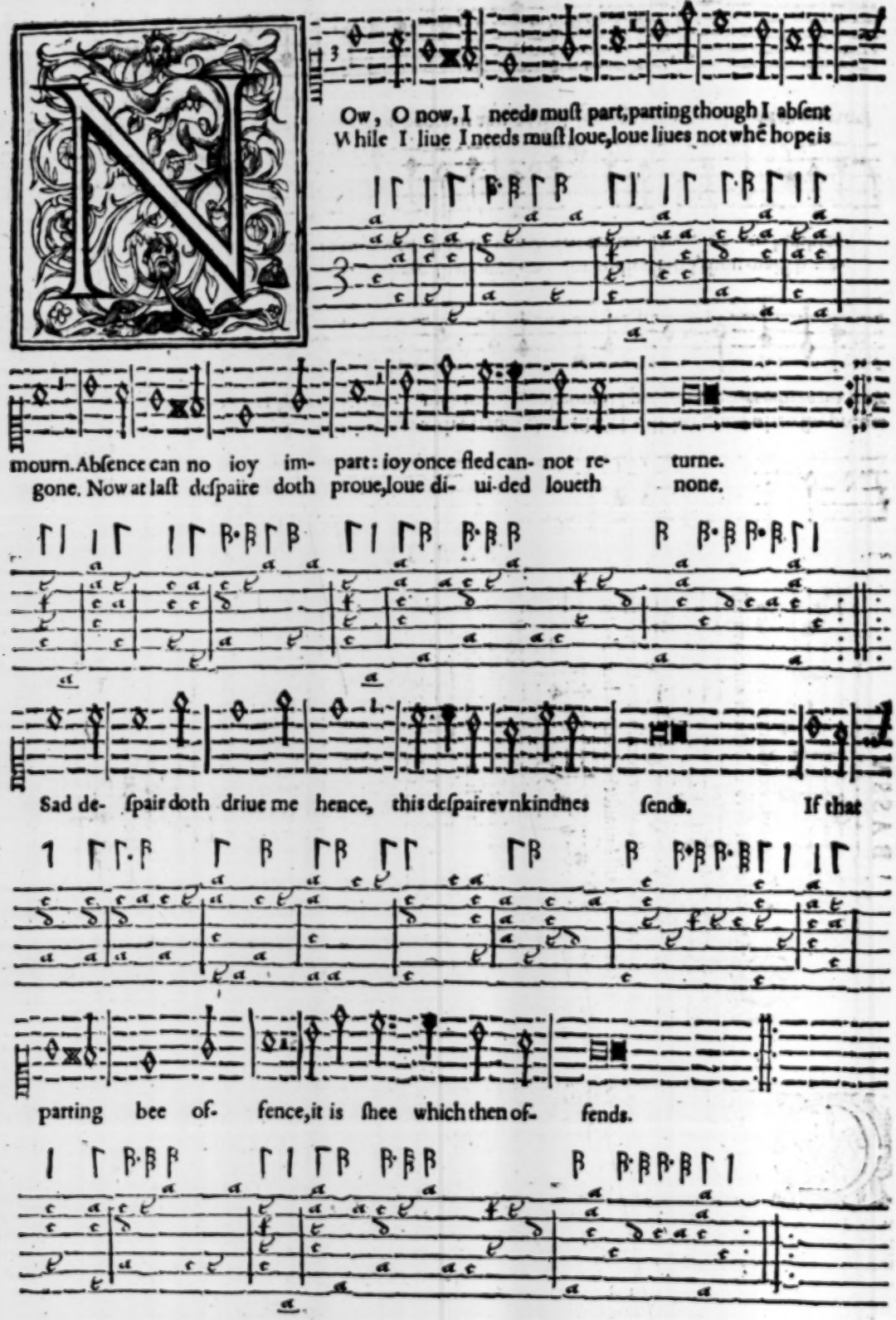
Deare make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delayes if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
Then for to liue thus still tormented:
Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

TENOR.



Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once.
I loued thee and thee alone,
In whose loue I ioyed once.
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth sense bereaue,
Neuer shall affection die.

Deare, If I do not returne,
Loue and I shall die together.
For my absence neuer mourne,
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

TENOR.

Ow, O now, I needs must part: part-ing though I absent mourn. absence can no ioy im-
While I liue, I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth

part: ioy once fled cannot re-turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind-
proue, loue di- ui-ded loueth none.

nes sends. If that parting bee of- fence, it is thee which then offends.

BASSVS.

Ow, O now, I needs must part: parting
While I liue, I needs must loue: loue liues

though I absent mourn. Absence can no ioy im-
not when hope is gone. Now at last despaire doth

part: ioy once fled cannot re-turne. Sad despaire
proue, loue di- ui-ded loueth none.

doth driue me hence: me hence: this despaire vnkind-

nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is thee which

then offends.

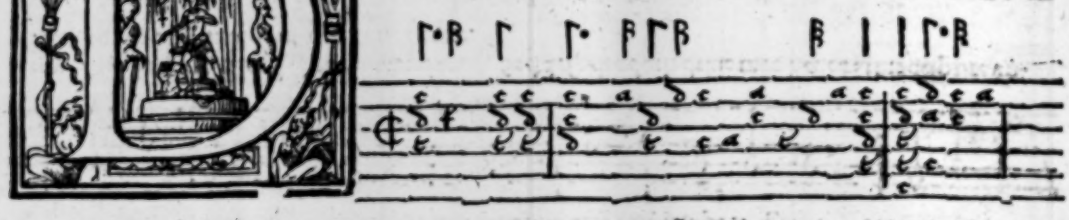
ALTVS.

Ow, O now, I needs must part: part-ing though I ab-sent mourne. Absence can no
While I liue, I needs must loue: loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last des-

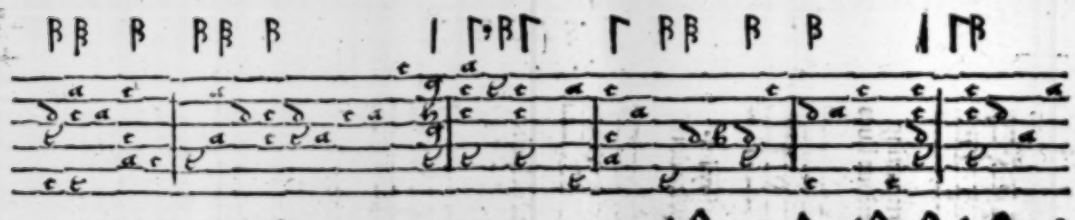
ioy im- part, ioy once fled cannot returne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire vn-
paire doth proue, loue di- ui-ded loueth none.

kindnes sends. If that parting be offence, it is thee which then offends.

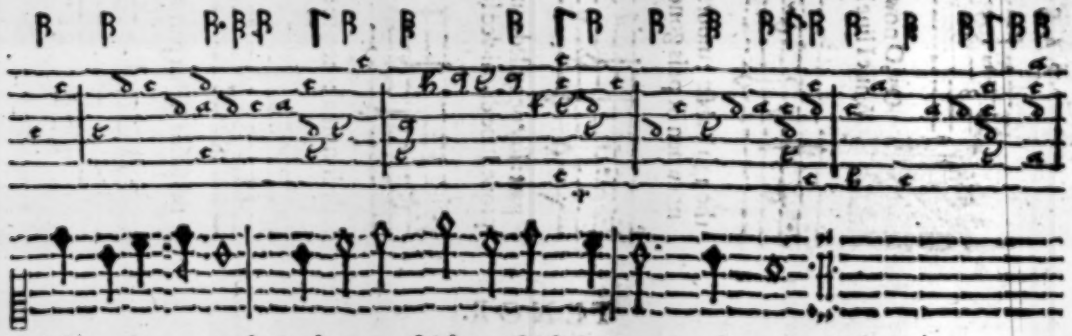
Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuſe againe. Sweet, if you



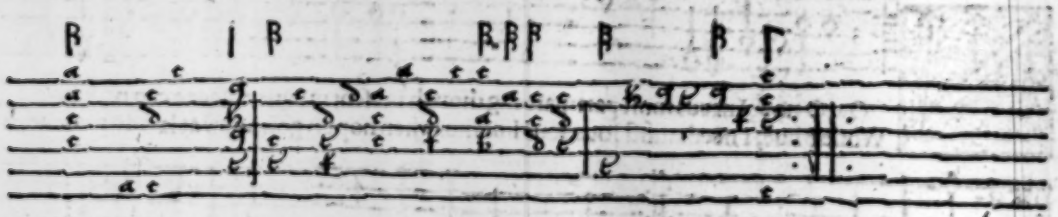
ſhrinke, ile neuer thinke of louc. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wiſe, if



too weake, moe wits Ile neuer proue. Deare, ſweet, faire, wiſe, change,

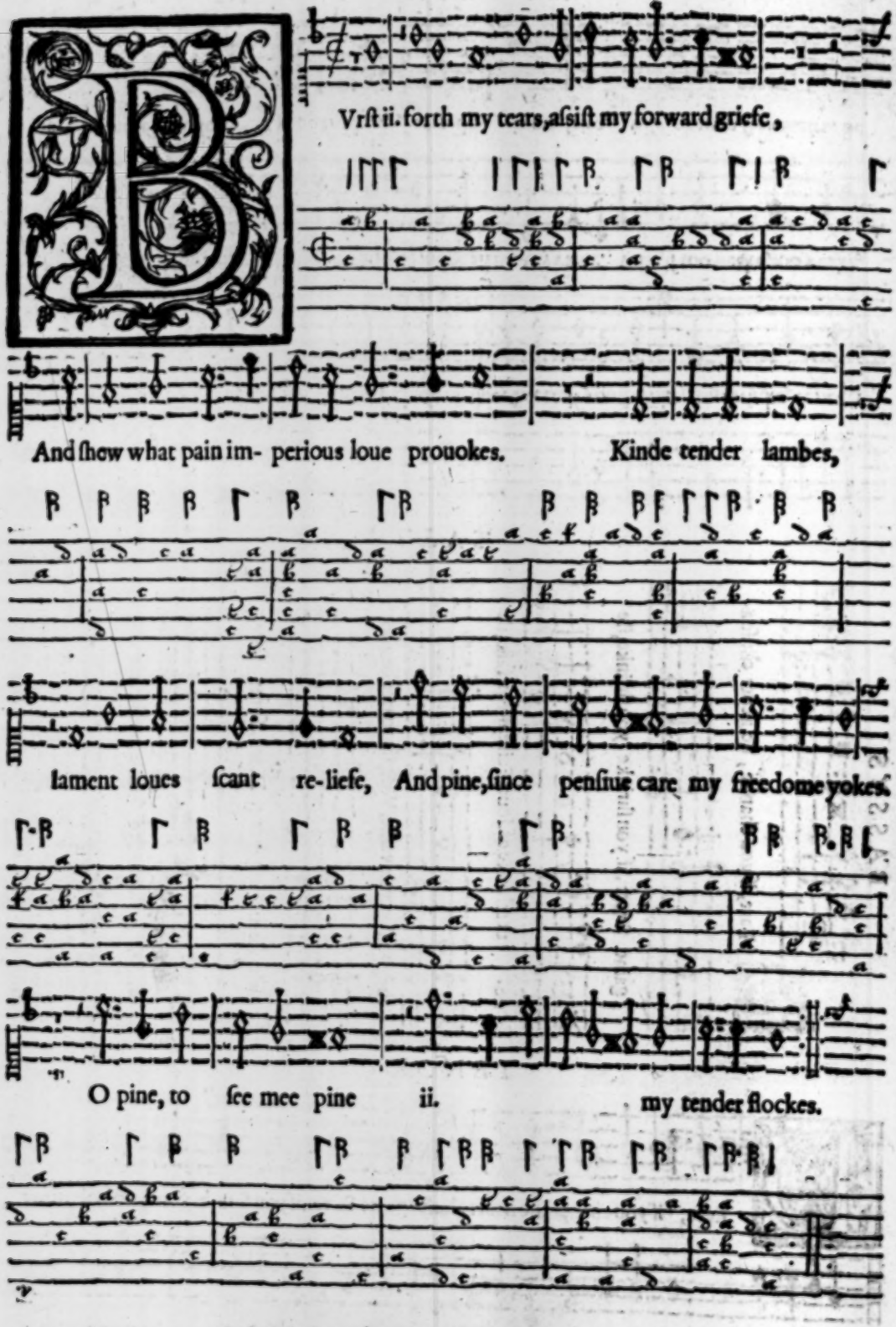


ſhrink, nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith ſhall ne- uer breake.



Earth with her flowers ſhall ſooner heauen adorne,
Heauen her bright ſtarres through earths dim globe ſhall moue,
Fire heate ſhall loſe, and froſts of flames beborne,
Ayre made to ſhine as blacke as hell ſhall proue;
Earth, heauen, fire, ayre, the world tranſform'd ſhall view,
Ere I proue falſe to faith, or ſtrange to you.

not weake: and on my faith, il. my faith shall neuer breake.
moe wits, moe wits, ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, thinke nor be
thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine. Wife, if too weake, too weake,
Faire, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you thinke, you thinke, ile neuer
ALTVS.
Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile neuer
uerthinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile
ludge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe
wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,
wife, il. change, shrinke nor be not weak:
and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe wits ile
neuer proue, moe wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, il. change, shrink
nor bee not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.



Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks;
But mercy ſleepes while deep diſdaine increaſe,
And beautie hope in her faire boſome yokes.
O grieue to heare my griefe, my tender flockes.
Like to the winds my ſighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my ſighes and ſutes repaid with mocks:
I pleade, yet ſhe repineth at my teene,
O ruthleſſe rigour harder then the rocks,
That both the ſhepheard kils, and his poore flocks.

O pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.
ment ii. loues scant re- lief; & pine, since pensiue care my freedom yokes, ii.
paine ii. imperious loue prouokes. ii. Kind tender lambs, la-
Vrst, burst forth my teares: assist, assist my forward griefe, And shew what
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
Vrst, forth; And shew what pain
prouokes. Kind
tender lambes, lament loues scant reliefe;
And pine, since pensiue care my freedom my
freedō yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me
pine, my tender my tender flocks.
TENOR.
Vrst, forth my teares: assist, assist my forward griefe, and shew what paine,
paine, imperious loue prouokes. ii. Kind tender lambs, lament ii. loues scant
reliefe, reliefe; And pine, since pensiue care, since pensiue care, my free-dome yokes. O pine
to see me pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine, my tender flocks.

O cryſtall teares, like to the morning ſhowrs,

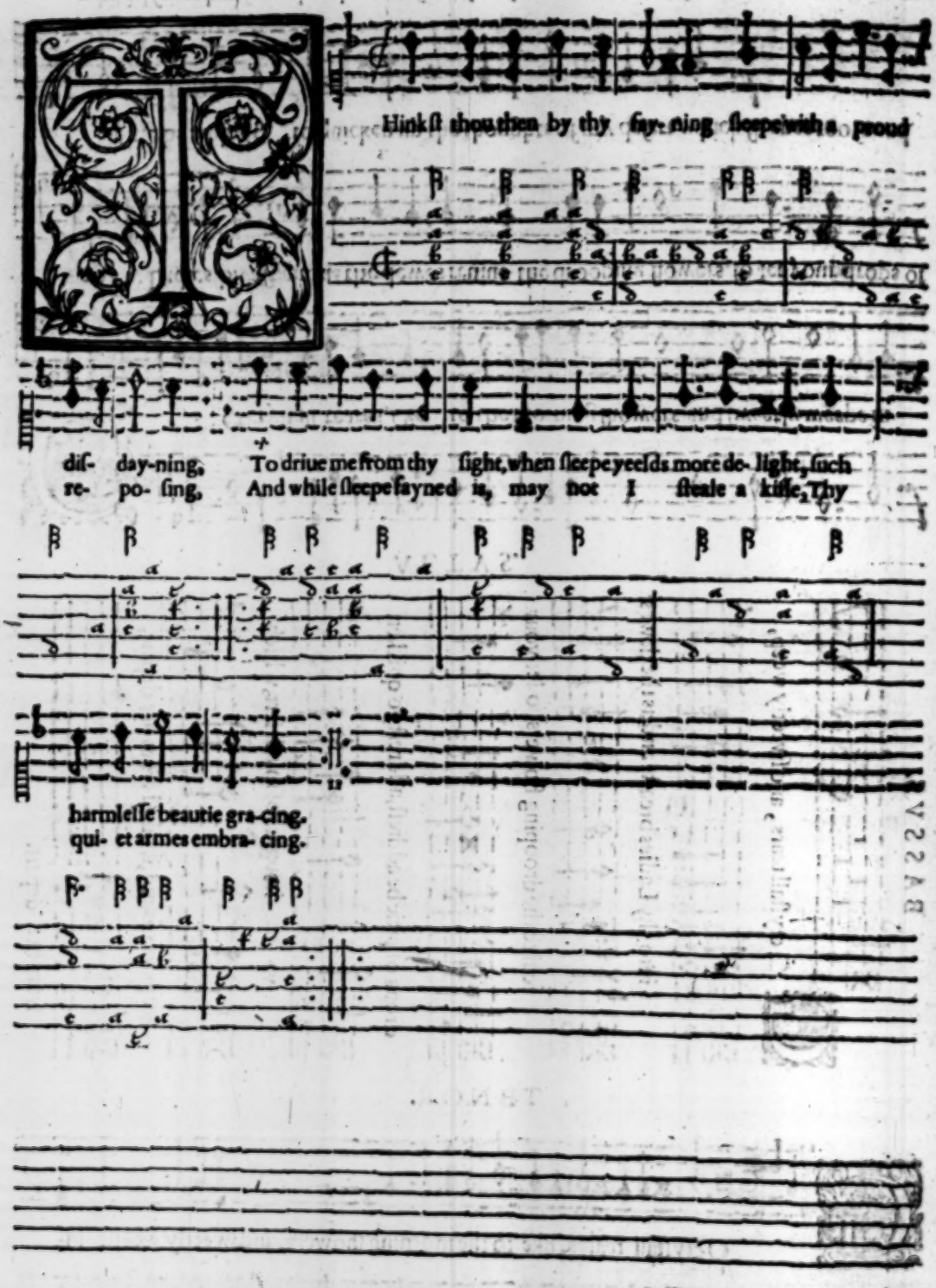
And ſweetly weep in- to thy Ladies breaſt. And as the deweare- uiue the

.drooping flowers, ſo let your drops of pitie be addreſt, to quicken vp the thoghts

of my de- ſert, which ſleeps too ſound, whilſt I from her de-part.

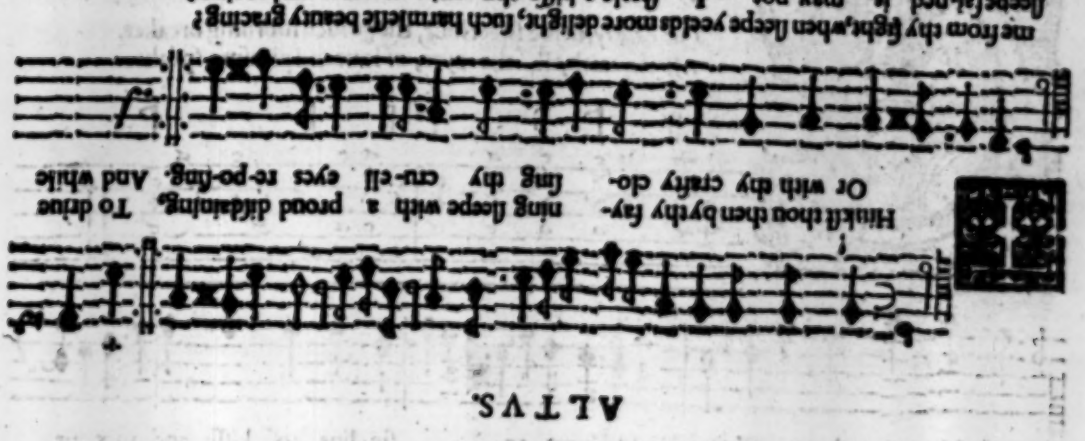
Haſte, reſtleſſe ſighes, and let your burning breath
Diſſolue the Ice of her indurate heart,
Whoſe frozen rigour like forgetfull death,
Feeles never any touch of my defart:
Yet ſighes and teares to her I ſacrifice,
Both from a ſpotleſſe heart and patient eyes.

whilſt I from her,from her depart, from her depart: to quicken
pitie be addreſt, to quicken vp the thoughts of my deſert,which ſleepes too ſound
o thy Ladies breaſt,and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers,ſo let your drops of
O cryſtall teares,like to the morning flowers,and ſweetly weepe in
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
O cryſtall teares, and ſweetly weep,
into thy Ladies breaſt: and as the dewes
reuiue the drooping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pitie be addreſt, addreſt to quicken
vp the thoughts of my deſert, which
ſleeps too ſound, whilſt I from her depart,
from her depart.
TENOR.
O cryſtall teares, like to the morning ſhowers, and ſweetly weepe in-
to thy Ladies breaſt, and as the deawsreuiue the drooping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pitie be addreſt, to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoghts of my deſert, which ſleeps
too ſound, whilſt I from her from her, depart, ii. from her depart. To quicken-



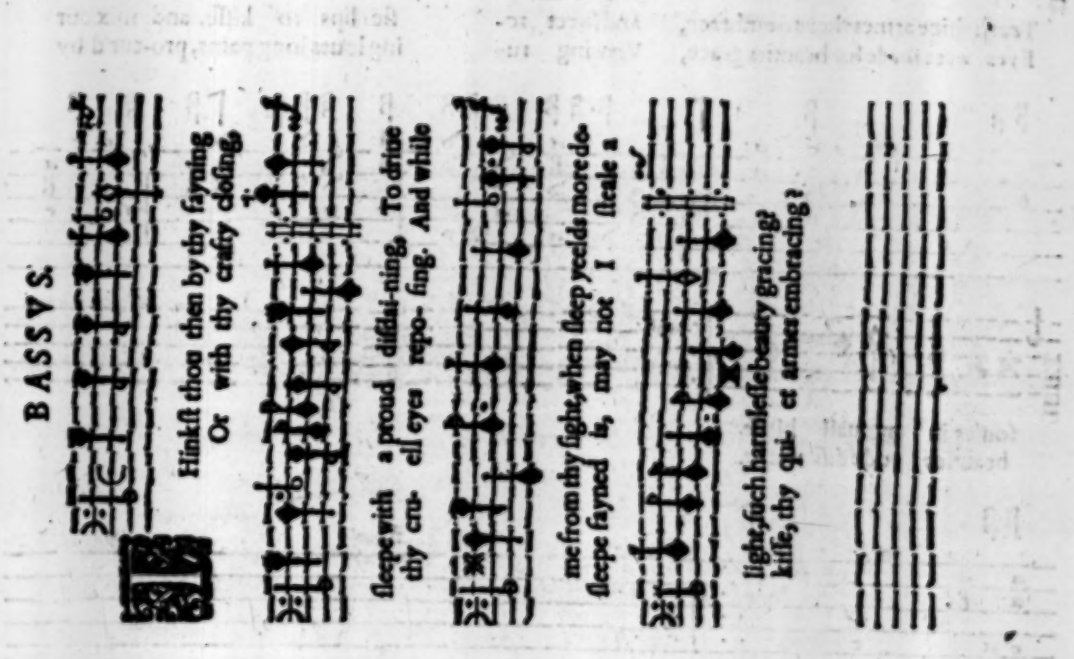
O that my sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceiuing,
Of liuely sense bereauing:
Then should my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind despite,
While fury triumpht boldly
In beauties sweet disgrace:
And liu'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring,
So farre exceed the duety
That vertue owes to beautie?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse:
For such deceits are harmelesse,
Yet kisse a thousand fold.
For kisses may be bold
When louely sleep is armelesse.

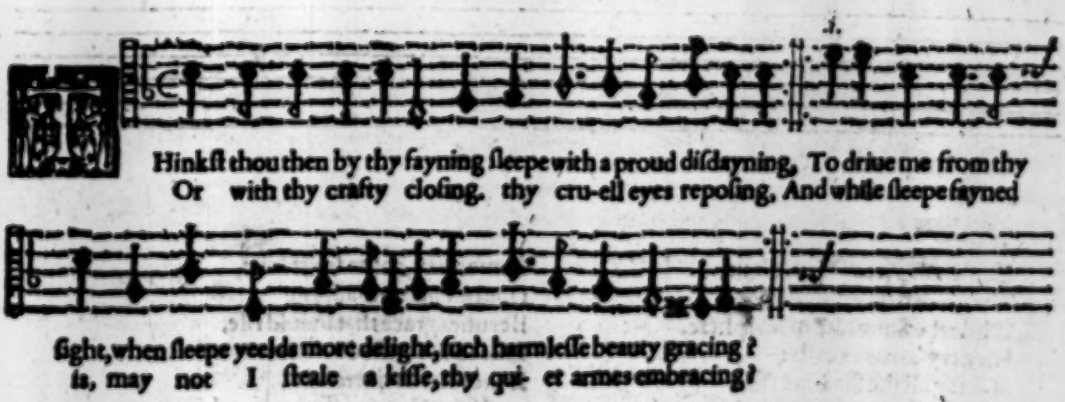

me from thy fight, when fleep yeelds more delight, ſuch harmleſſe beauty gracing?
fleepe fayned is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing?

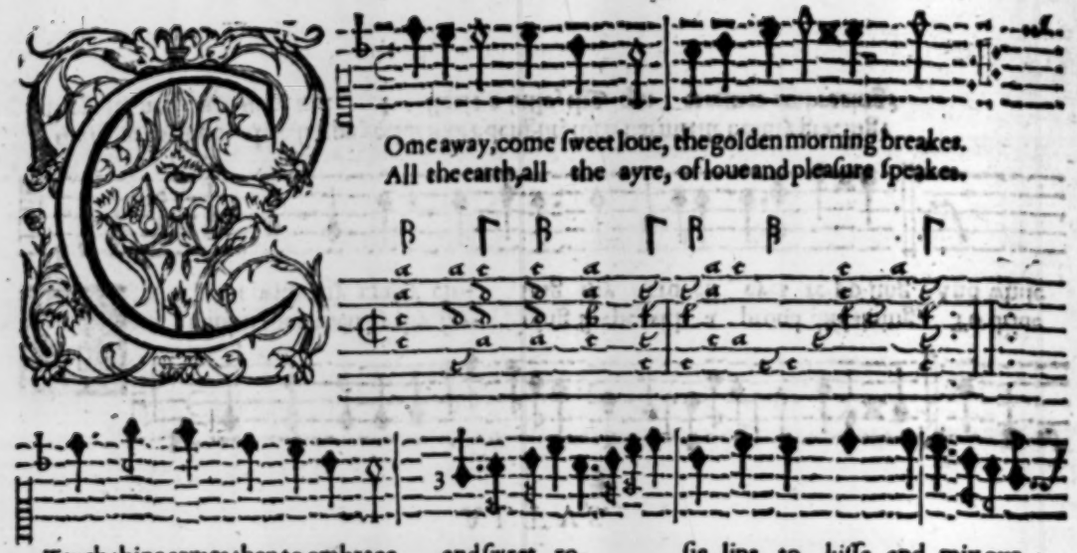
Hinkſt thou then by thy fay- ning fleepe with a proud diſdayning, To driue
Or with thy crafty do- ing thy cru-ell eyes re-po-ſing. And while

ALTVS.

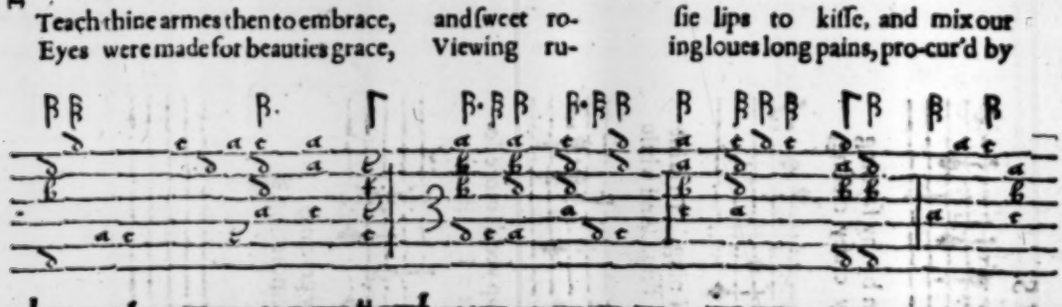

BASSVS.
Hinkſt thou then by thy fayning
Or with thy crafty cloſing
fleepe with a proud diſdai-ning. To driue
thy cru- ell eyes repo- ſing. And while
me from thy fight, when fleep yeelds more de-
fleepe fayned is, may not I ſteale a
light, ſuch harmleſſe beauty gracing?
kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing?

TENOR.

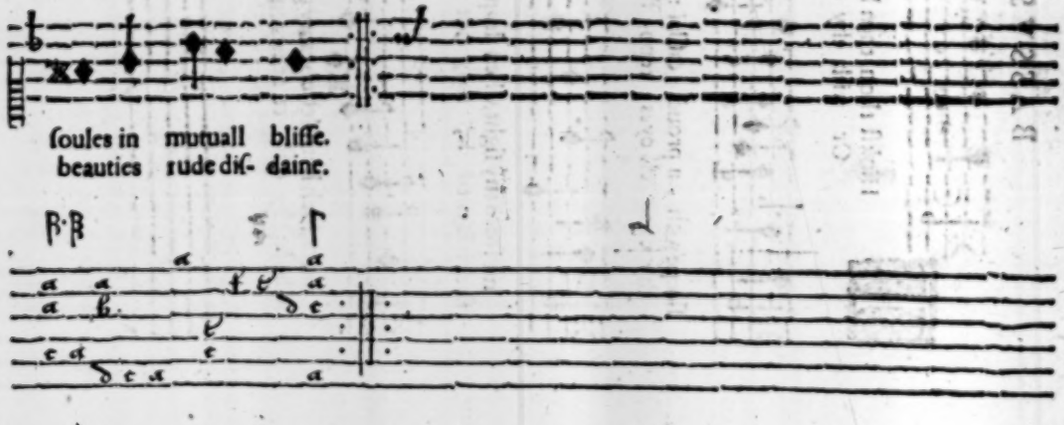

Hinkſt thou then by thy fayning fleepe with a proud diſdayning, To driue me from thy
Or with thy crafty cloſing, thy cru-ell eyes repoſing, And while fleepe fayned
fight, when fleepe yeelds more delight, ſuch harmleſſe beauty gracing?
is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing?



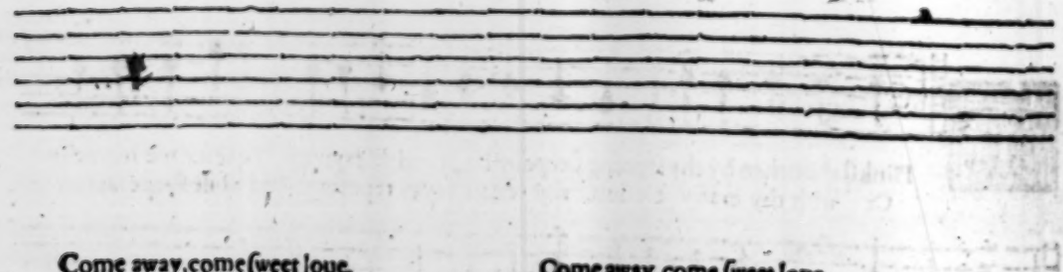
Come away, come ſweet loue, the golden morning breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleaſure ſpeakes.

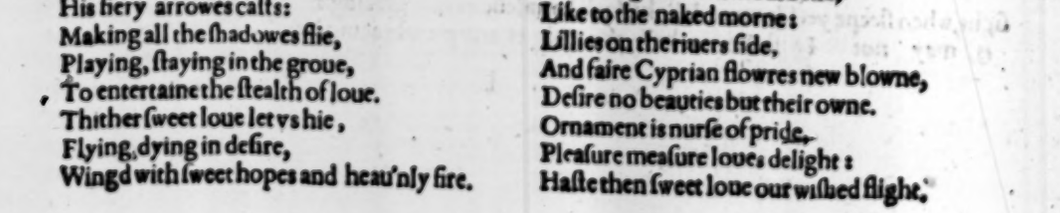


Teach thine armes then to embrace, and ſweet ro- ſie lips to kiſſe, and mix our
Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loues long pains, pro-cur'd by



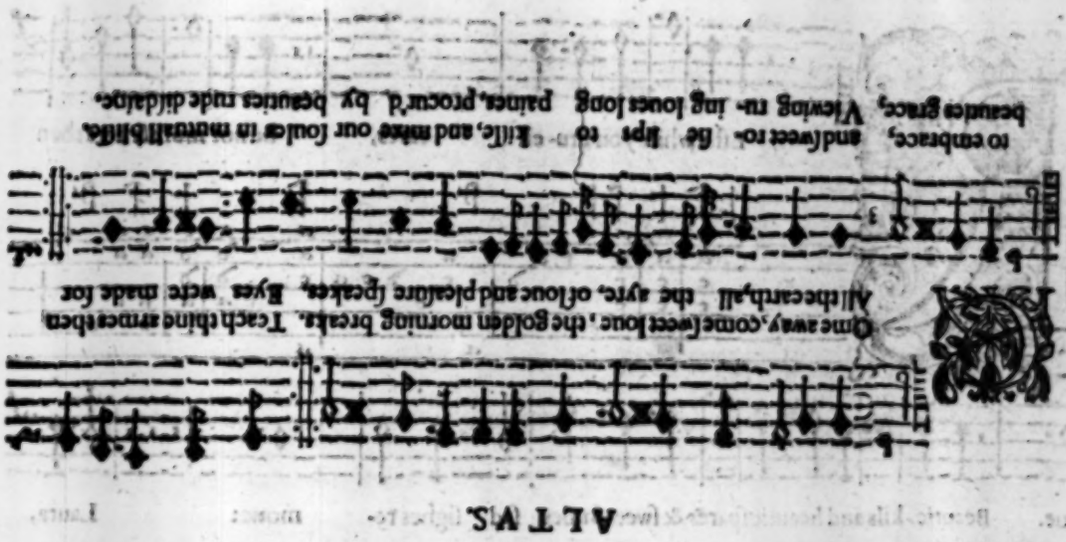
ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
beauties rude diſ- daine.

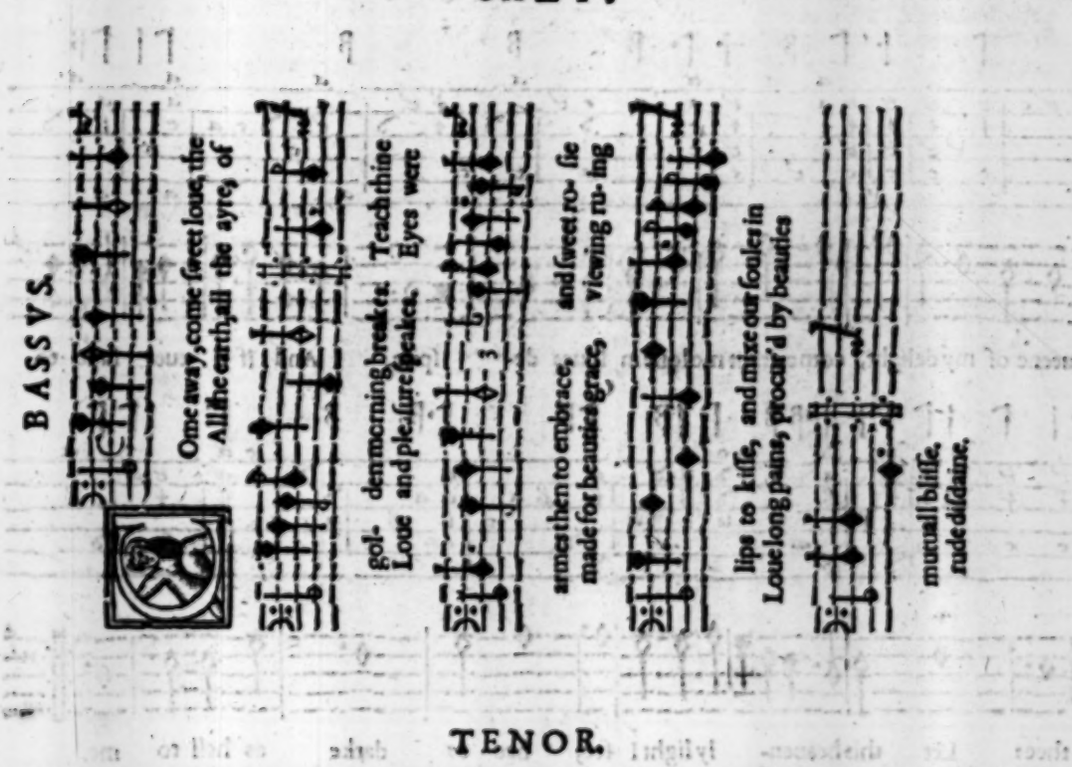


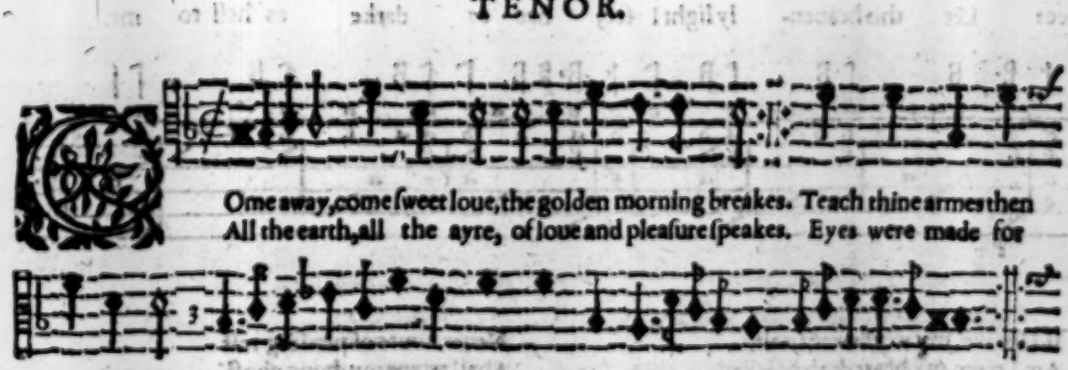


Come away, come ſweet loue,
The golden morning waſtes,
While the Sunne from his ſphere,
His fiery arrowes caſts:
Making all the ſhadowes flie,
Playing, ſtaying in the groue,
To entertaine the ſtealth of loue.
Thither ſweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying in deſire,
Wingd with ſweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

Come away, come ſweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that ſhould riſe,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuers ſide,
And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne,
Deſire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurſe of pride,
Pleaſure meaſure loues delight:
Haſte then ſweet loue our wiſhed flight.


ALTVS.
Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breaks. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for
to embrace, and sweet rosie lips to kisse, and mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
beauties grace, Viewing ruing loue long paines, procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.


BASSVS.
One away, come sweet loue, the
All the earth, all the ayre, of
gol- den morning breakes. Teach thine
Loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were
armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sie
made for beauties grace, viewing ru- ing
lips to kisse, and mixe our soules in
Loue long paine, procur'd by beauties
mutuall blisse.
rude disdaine.


TENOR.
Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for
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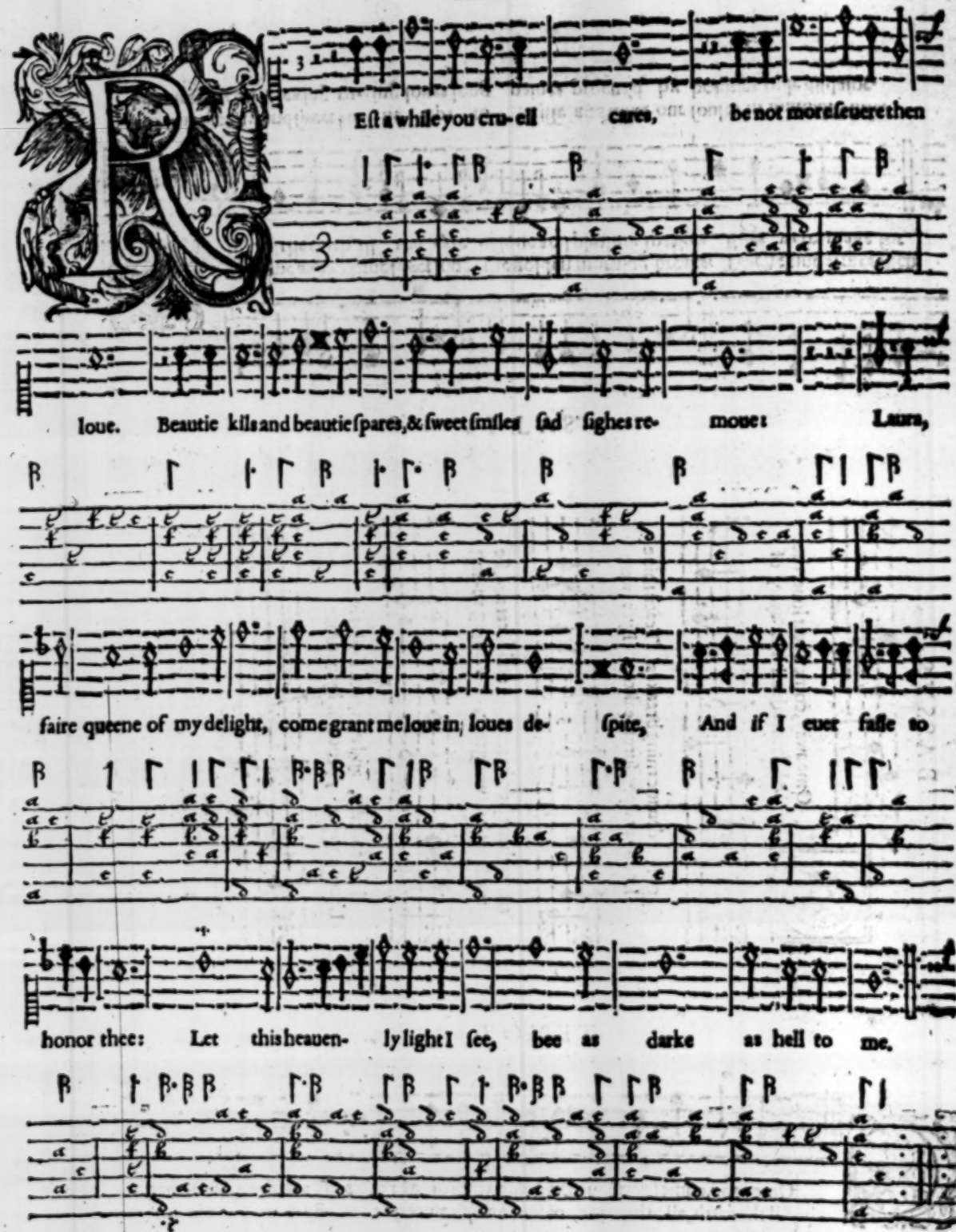
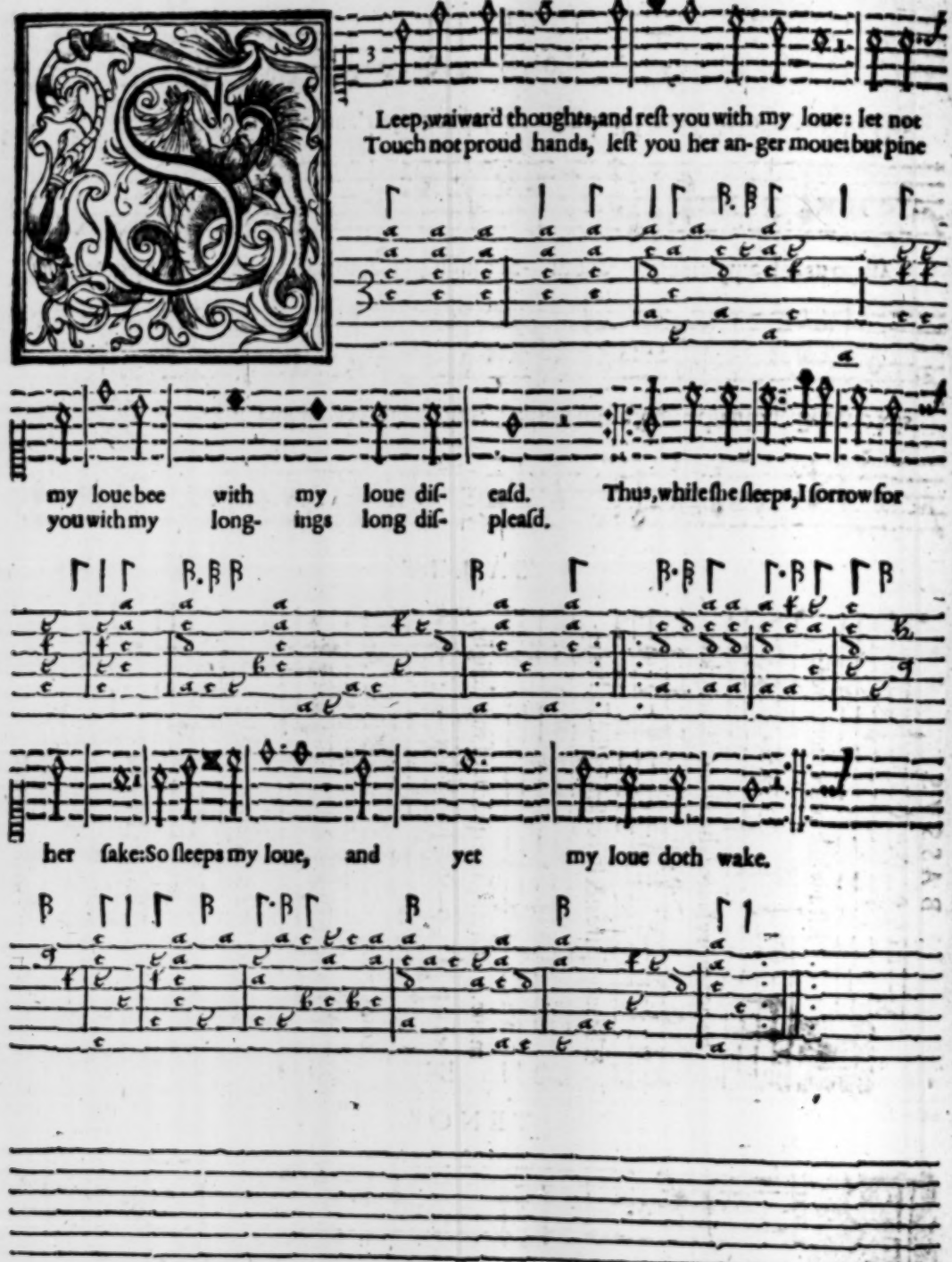
beauties grace, Viewing ruing loue long paines, procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.



If I ſpeake, my words want wait,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake,
If I ſigh, ſhe feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me muſt ſpeake:
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that firſt was made by you:
And if my torments fayned be,
Let this heauenly light I ſee,
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleaſing reſt
Shall reuiue my dying ghoſt,
Till my ſoule hath repoſſeſt,
The ſweet hope which loue hath loſt:
Laura redeeme the ſoule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proue vnkinde to thee,
Let this heauenly light I ſee
Be as darke as hell to mee.

this hea- uenly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.
delight, come graunt me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honor thee, let
and beautie spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes re- moue. Laura, faire queen of my
Et a while you cruell cares: be not more seuere then loue. Beautie kils
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
Et a while you cruell cares:
be not more seuere then loue. Beauty kils
& beauty spares: & sweet smiles sad sighes re-
moue. Laura, faire queene of my delight,
come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And,
if I euer faile to honour thee, let
this heau'nly light I see, be as
darke as hell to mee.
TENOR.
Et a while you cru- ell cares: be not more seuere then Loue. Beautie
kils and beauty spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes remoue. Laura, faire queene of my
delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honour thee, let this
heau'nly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.



Leep,waiward thoughts,and reſt you with my loue: let not
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her an-ger moue: but pine

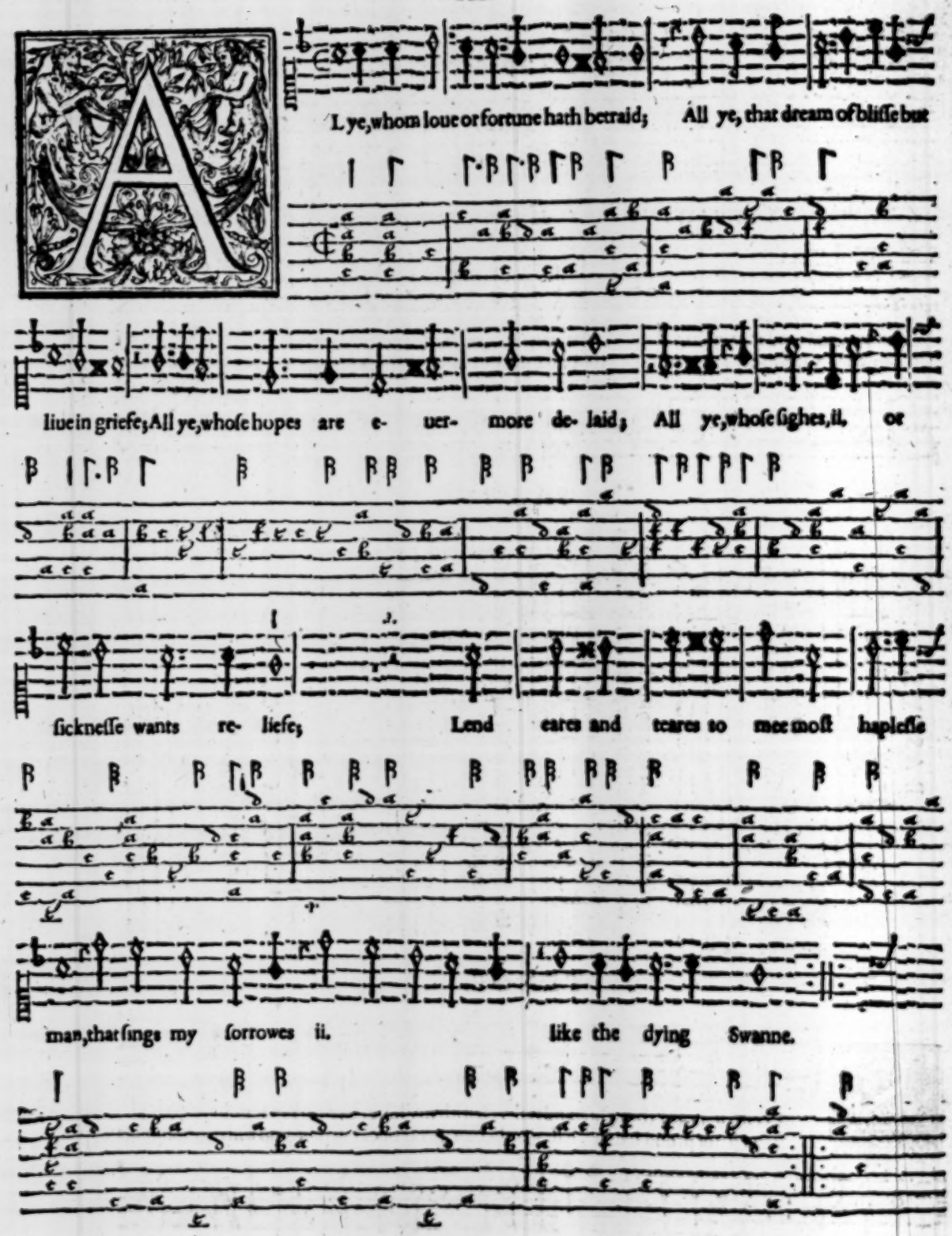
my loue bee with my loue diſ- eaſd. Thus,while ſhe ſleeps,I ſorrow for
you with my long- ings long diſ- pleaſd.

her ſake:So ſleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But, O the fury of my reſtleſſe feare!
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids cloſed fires,
Thus while ſhe ſleeps,moues ſighing for her ſake:
So ſleeps my loue,and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth reſt:
Feare in my loue,and yet my loue ſecure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppreſt:
Impatient,yet of perfect temperature.
Sleepe, dainty loue,while I ſigh for thy ſake:
So ſleeps my loue,and yet my loue doth wake.

ALTVS.
Leepe waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her an- ger moue: but pine you with my longings
BASSVS.
Leepe waiward thoughts, and reſt
Touch not proud hands, leaſt you
you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
her an- ger moue: but pine you with my longings
loue diſeaſd. Thus, while ſhe ſleeps, I ſorrow for
long diſpleaſd.
her ſake: ſo ſleepes my loue, ſo ſleepes my
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.
TENOR.
Leepe waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her an- ger moue: but pine you with my longings
loue diſ- eaſd. Thus while ſhe ſleeps, I ſorrow for her ſake: ſo ſleeps my loue, ii. and yet
long diſpleaſd.
ii. my loue doth wake.



Care that conſumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that preſents ſad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
But ſtill in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, ſighes and ceaſeleſſe cries alone I ſpend:
My woe wants comfort, and my ſorrow end.

my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

wants re- liefe, lend cares and teares, &c. to mee most haplesse man, that sings

blisse, but liue in grief, are euermore delayd, All ye whose sighes, &c. or sicknesse

All ye, whom Loue or fortune hath betrayd, All ye, that dream of

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

All ye, whom Loue or fortune hath betrayd; but liue in griefe, All ye, whose hopes are euermore delayd; All ye, whose sighs whose sighs or sicknesse wants reliefe, lend cares and teares, ii. to me, ii. most haples man, that sings my sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

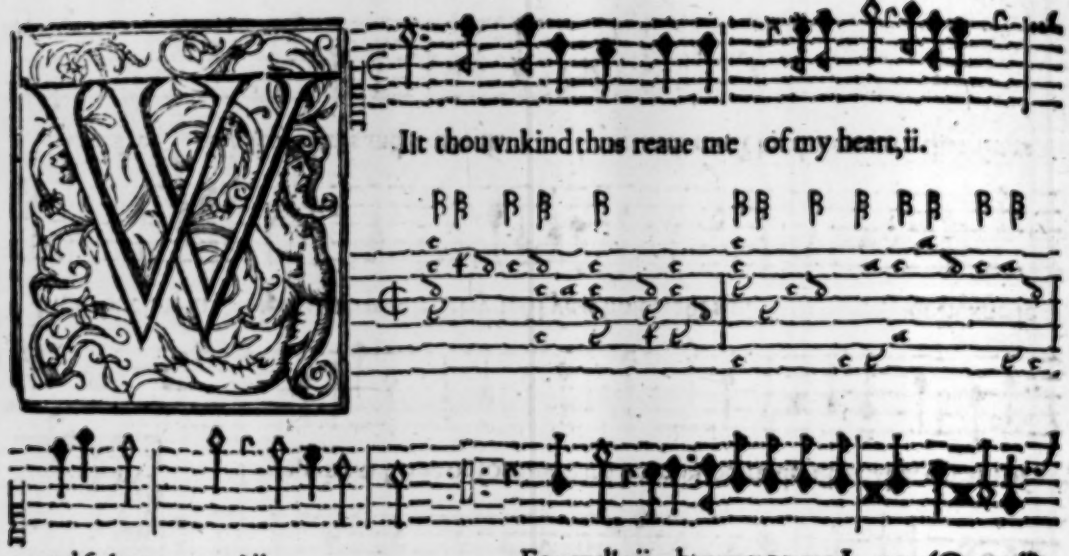
TENOR.

All ye whom Loue or fortune hath betrayd, All ye that dream of blisse but

liue in griefe, in griefe, all ye whose hopes are e-uermore, euermore delaid, delaid, all yee

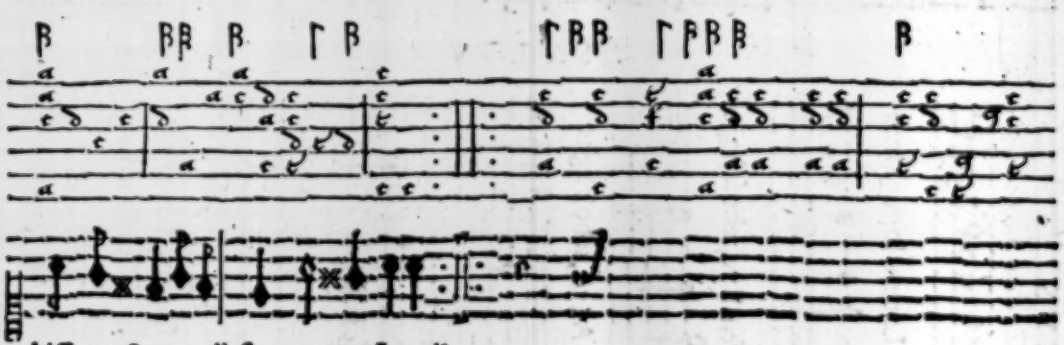
whose sighs or sickneſſe wants re- liefe, lend eares and teares to me most haples man, most

haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.



Wilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii.

and so leaue me? ii. Farewell: ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell)



kisse me, sweet, ii. sweet, my Iewell.

2

Hope by disdaine growes cheereless,
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beauty peereless. Farewell.

3

If no delayes can moue thee,
life shall die, death shall liue
still to loue thee. Farewell.

4

Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heat from fire, fire from heat
none can seuer. Farewell.

4

True loue cannot be changed,
though delight from desert
bee estranged. Farewell.

ALTVS.

Ile thou, vnkind, vnkind, thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and so leaue me?

Farewell; ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, sweet, ii. kisse me my Iewell.

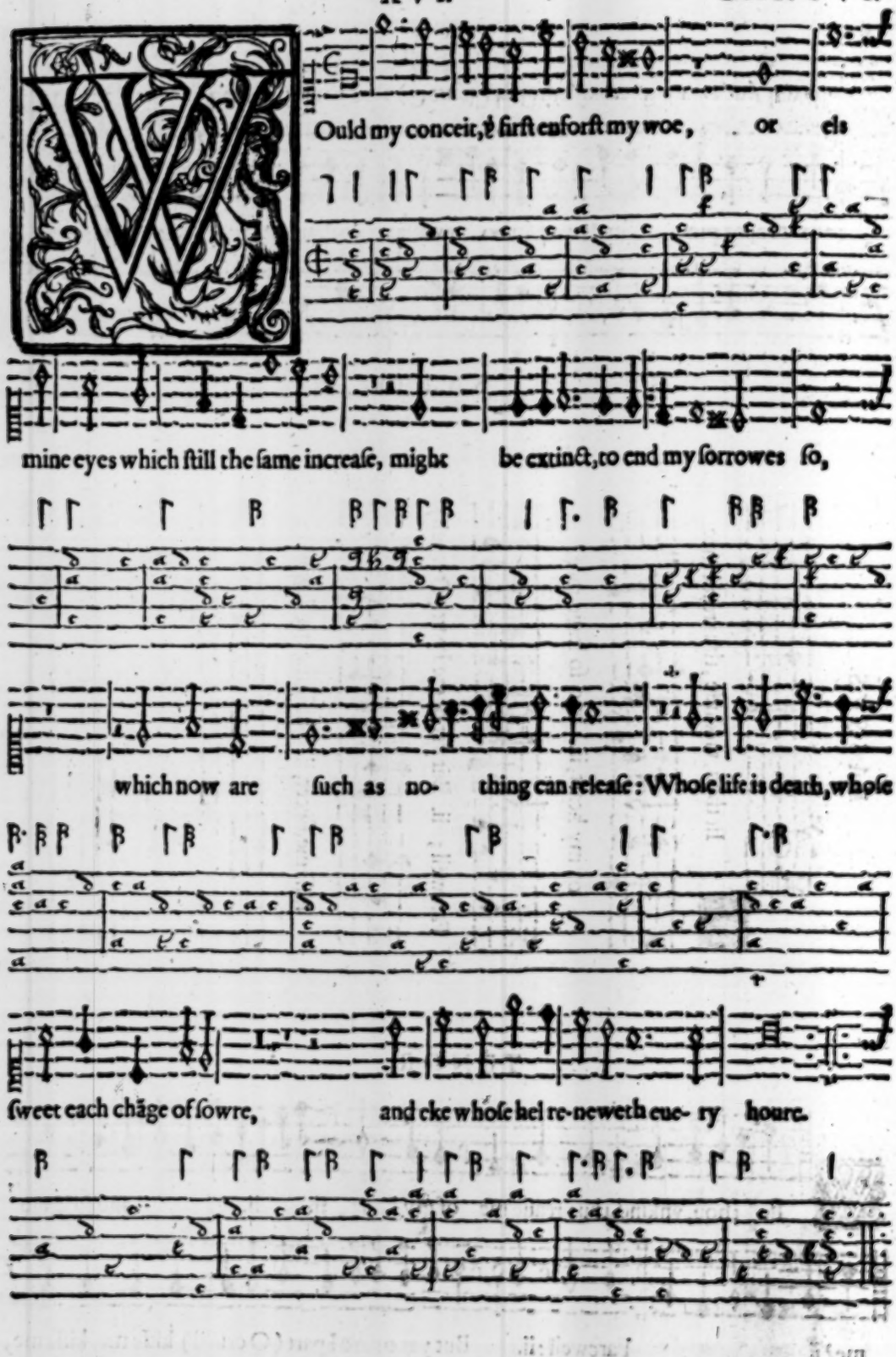
BASSVS.

Ile thou, vnkinde, thus reaue mee of my heart, ii. and so leaue mee?

Farewell; ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, sweet, ii. kisse me my Iewell.

TENOR.

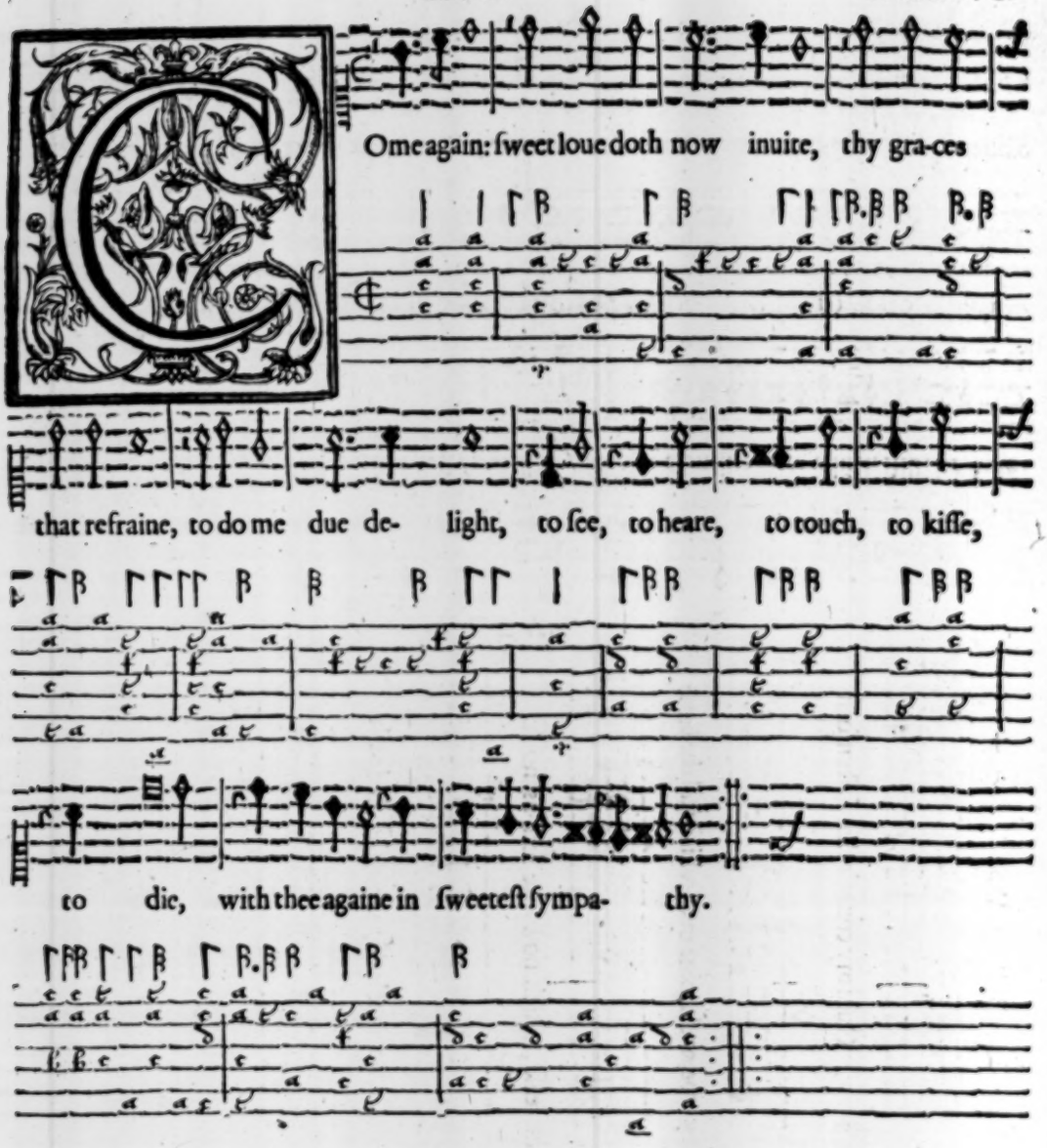
Ile thou, vnkind, thus reaue me of my heart, ii. ii. and so leaue me? ii. Farewell; ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, kisse me, sweet, my Iewell.



Each houre amidſt the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I waſt and wither where I ſit:
But that ſweet houre wherein I wiſh to die,
My hope alas may not inioy it yet,
Whoſe hope is ſuch, bereaued of the bliſſe,
Which vnto all ſaue mee allotted is.

To all ſaue mee is free to liue or die,
To all ſaue mee remaineth hap or hope:
But all perforce I muſt abandon, I,
Sith Fortune ſtill directs my hap a ſlope.
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I truſt,
But to my thralles I yeeld, for ſo I muſt.

of lowre, and eke whole hell reuneth euery houre.
now are ſuch, are ſuch as nothing can releaſe, whole life is death, whole ſweet each change
increaſe, ſtill the ſame increaſe, might be extinct, extinct to end my ſor- rowes ſo, which
Ould my conceit, that firſt enforſt my woe, or els mine eyes which ſtill the ſame
ALTVS.
Ould my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe, or els the ſame increaſe, which now are ſuch as nothing can releaſe, whoſe life is death and eke whoſe hell, whoſe hell renueth euery houre.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
Ould my conceit that firſt inforſt my woe, or els the ſame which ſtill which
ſtill the ſame increaſe, the ſame increaſe, might be extinct, extinct to end my ſorrowes ſo, which
now are ſuch as nothing can re- leaſe, whoſe life is death, ii. death, whoſe ſweet each
change each change of ſowre and eke whoſe hell, whoſe hell renu-eth eue- ry houre.



2

Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy vnkind disdaine:
For now left and forlorne,
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine and endlesse miserie.

3

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes doth cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay: (grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to
Her frownes the winters of my woe:

2

All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of streames.
My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And marke the stormes are mee assignde.

3

Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once inuade.

4

Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not peerce her heart.
For I that doe approue,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

ALTVS.
Come againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra- ces that refraine, to
doe mee due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, in
sweetest sympathy.

BASSVS.
Come againe, sweet loue doth now
inuite, thy graces that refraine, to doe mee
due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,
to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest
sympathy.

TENOR.

Come againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due
delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, ii. in sweetest
sympathie.

Is golden locks time hath to ſiluer turnde.

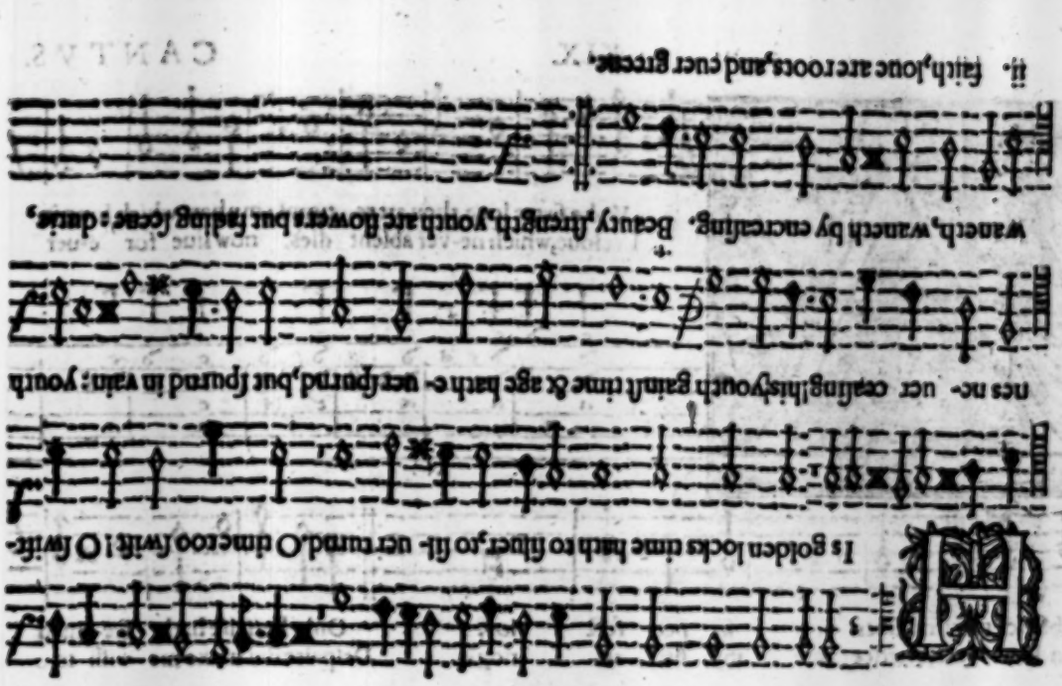
O time too ſwift, O ſwiftneſſe ne- uer ceaſing! his youth gainſt time & age hath euer

ſpurnd, but ſpurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-creaſing. Beautie, ſtrength, youth are

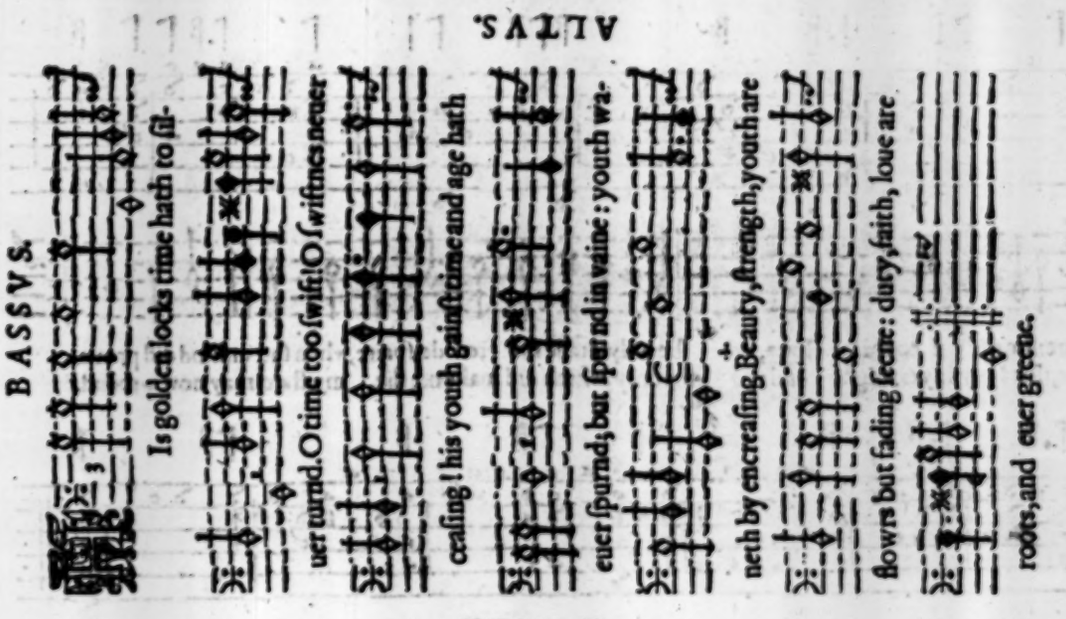
flowers but fading ſeene: Dutie, Faith, Loue are roots and euer greene.

His helmet now ſhall make a hiue for Bees,
And louers Sonets turne to holy Pſalmes:
A man at armes muſt now ſerue on his knees,
And ferd on prayers which are ages almes:
But though from Court to cotage he depart,
His Saint is ſure of his vnſpotted heart.

And when he ſaddeſt ſits in homely Cell,
Hee'l teach his ſwaines this Caroll for a ſong,
Bleſt be the hearts that wiſh my Soueraigne well,
Curſt be the ſoule that thinks him any wrong.
Yee gods allow this aged man his right,
To be your Beadſman now that was your Knight.

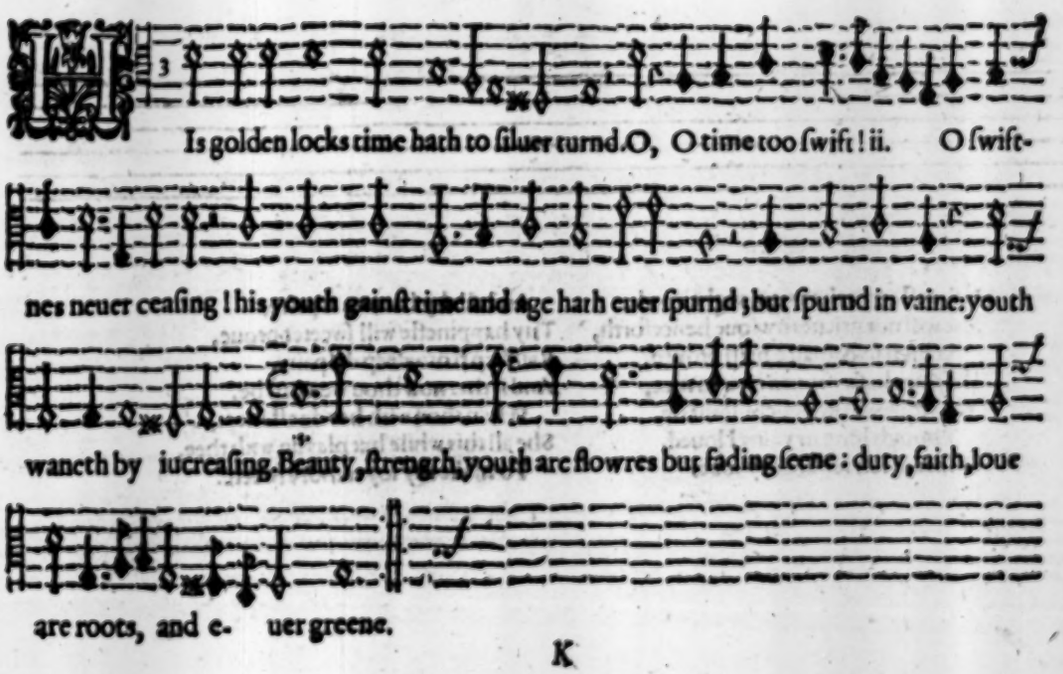


ALTVS.



BASSVS.

TENOR.



Wake, ſweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne-ver abſent dies, now liue for e-uer

abſence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only herſelfe hath ſee- med
in her eyes, whence came my firſt an- noy. Deſpaire did make me wiſh to

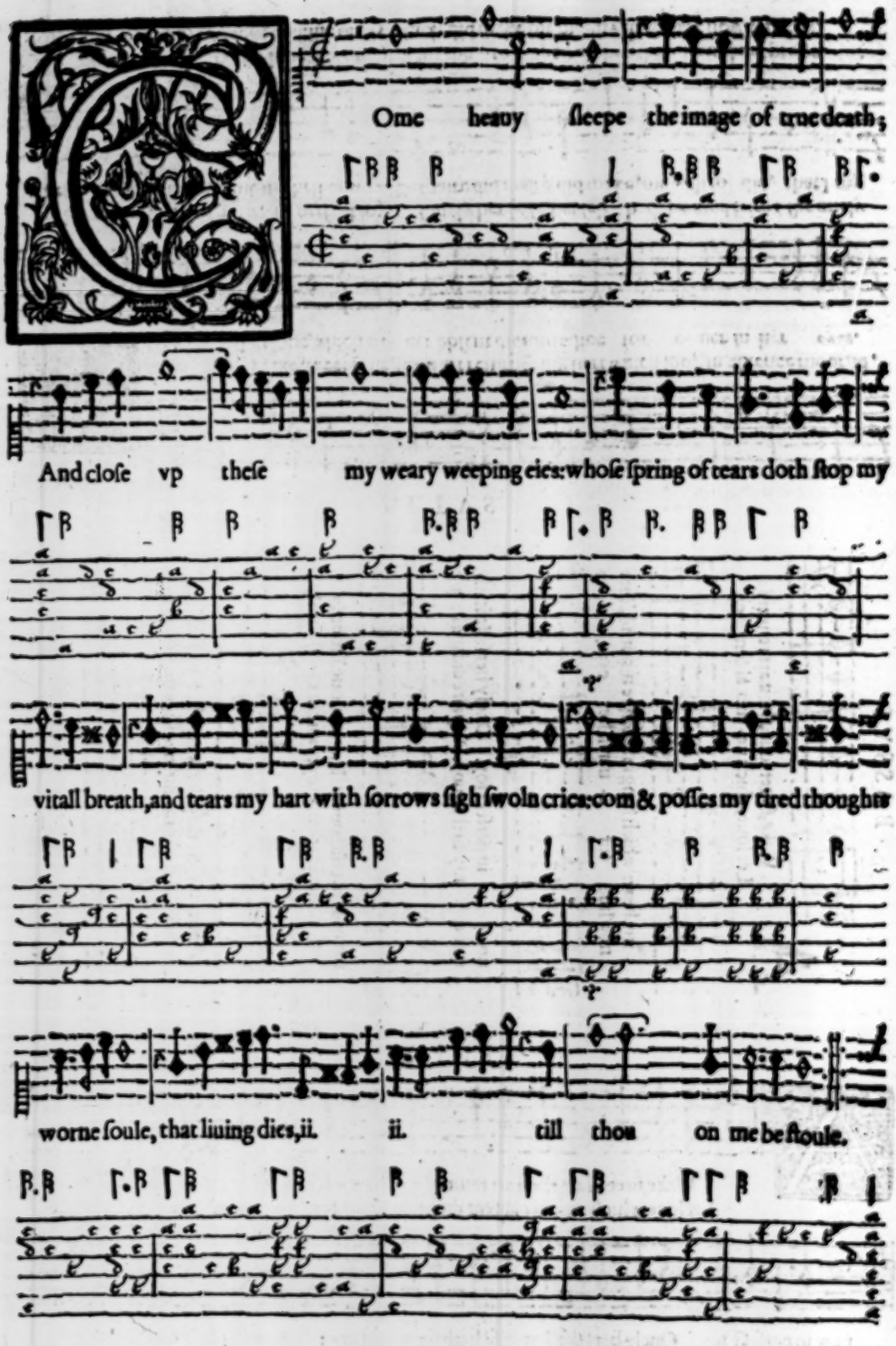
faire: ſhe only I could loue, ſhe only drabe me to de-ſpaire, when ſhe vnkind did proue.
die; that I my ioyes might end: ſhe only, which did make me flie, my ſtate may now a-mend.

If ſhe eſteeme thee now aught worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which ſo deſpaire hath proued.
Deſpaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vnconſtant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.
If ſhee at laſt reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happineſſe will ſweeter proue,
Raiſd vp from deep deſpaire.
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her doeſt meet,
She all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more ſweete.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

TENOR.



Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his blacke fac't night:
Come thou and charme these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies doe my mind affright.
O come sweet sleepe; come, or I die for ever!
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come never.

dies, ii. till thou on mee on me be ſtoule.

with ſorrows ſigh ſwolne cries: Come & poſſeſſe my tired thoughts worn ſoule, that liuing

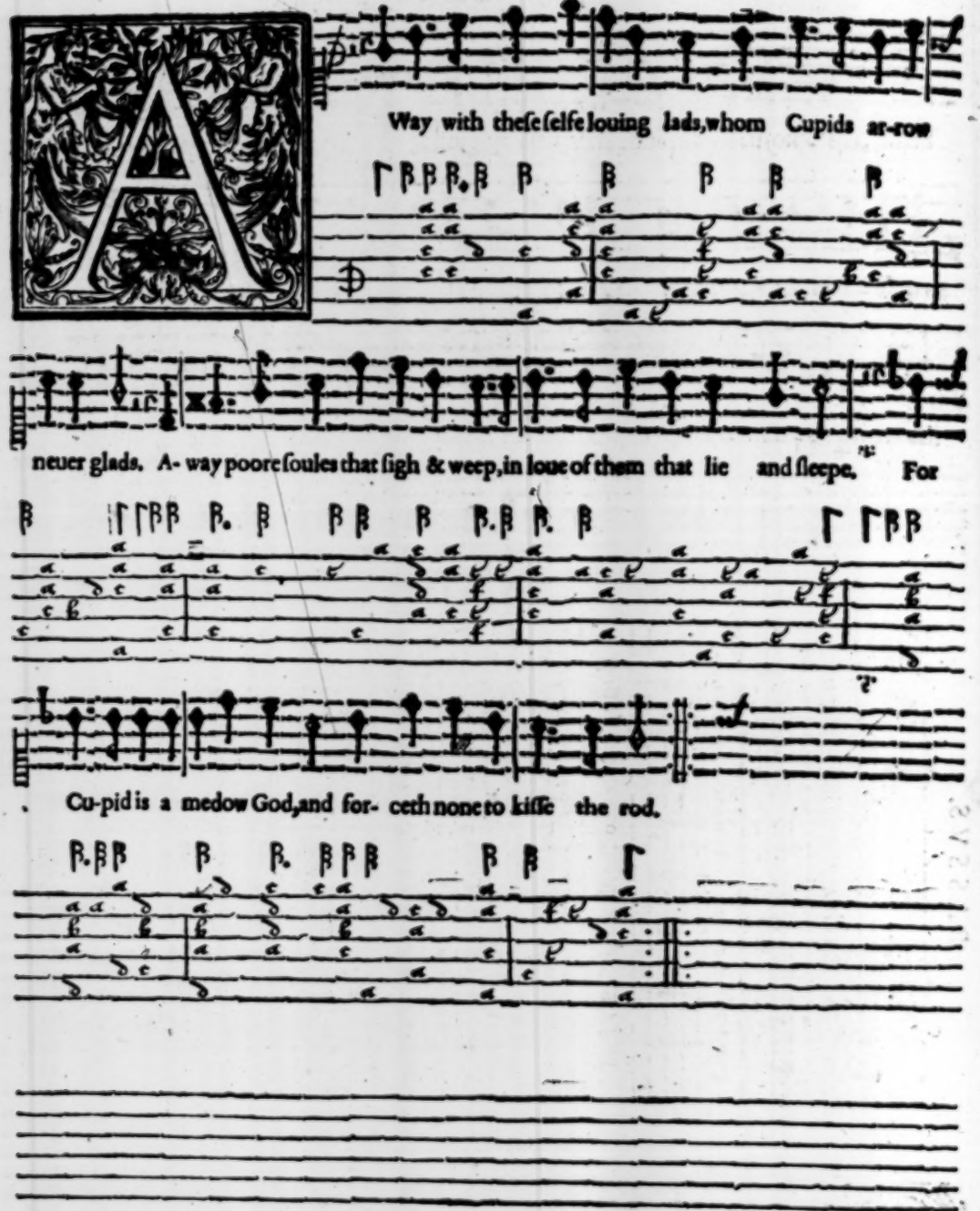
wea- rie weeping eyes, whoſe ſpring of teares doth ſtop my vi- tall breath, and teares my hart

Om heauy ſleep, the image of true death, and cloſe vp theſe my weary

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

TENOR.



2

God Cupids ſhaft, like deſtinie,
Doth eyther good or ill decree:
Deſert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his foot doth goe.
What fools are they that haue not known
That loue likes no lawes but his owne?

3

My ſongs they be of Cynthias praiſe,
I weare her rings on holy dayes,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the ſame:
Where honor, Cupids riuall is,
There miracles are ſeene of his.

4

If Cynthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held deare,
Then welfare nothing once a yeare:
For many run, but one muſt win,
Fools onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

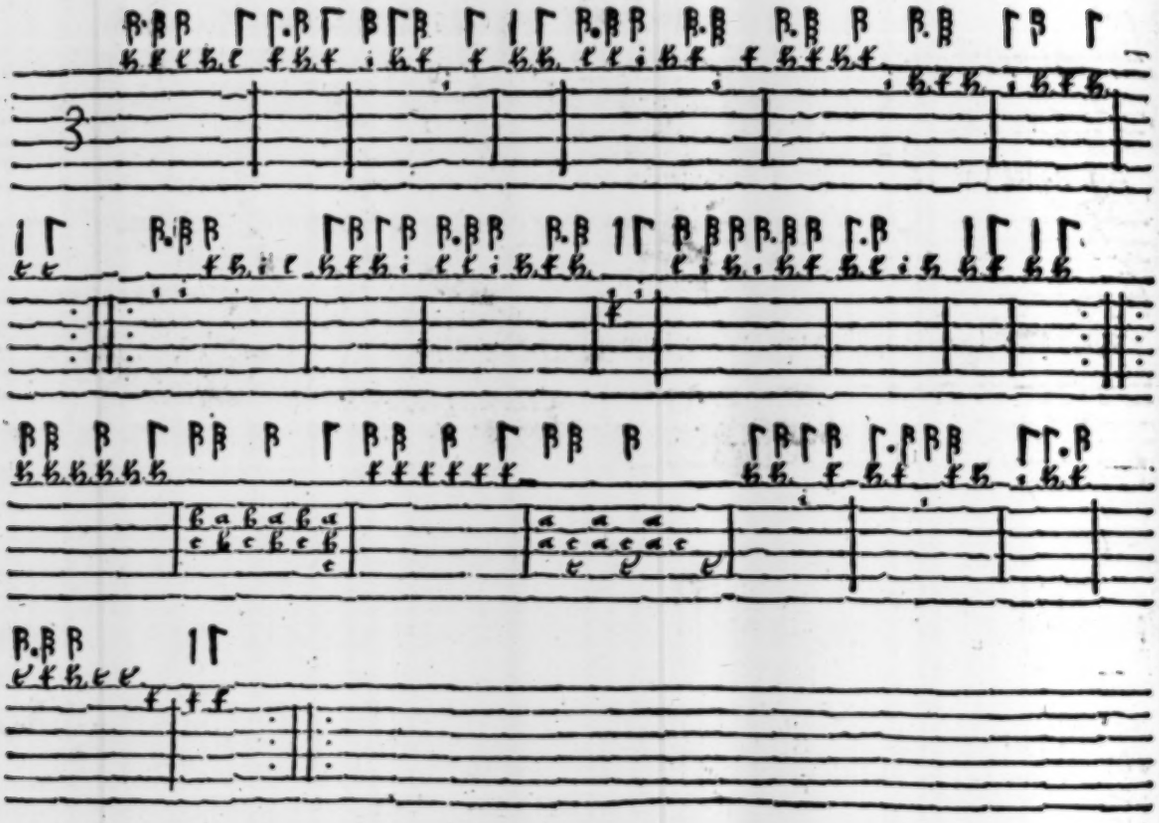
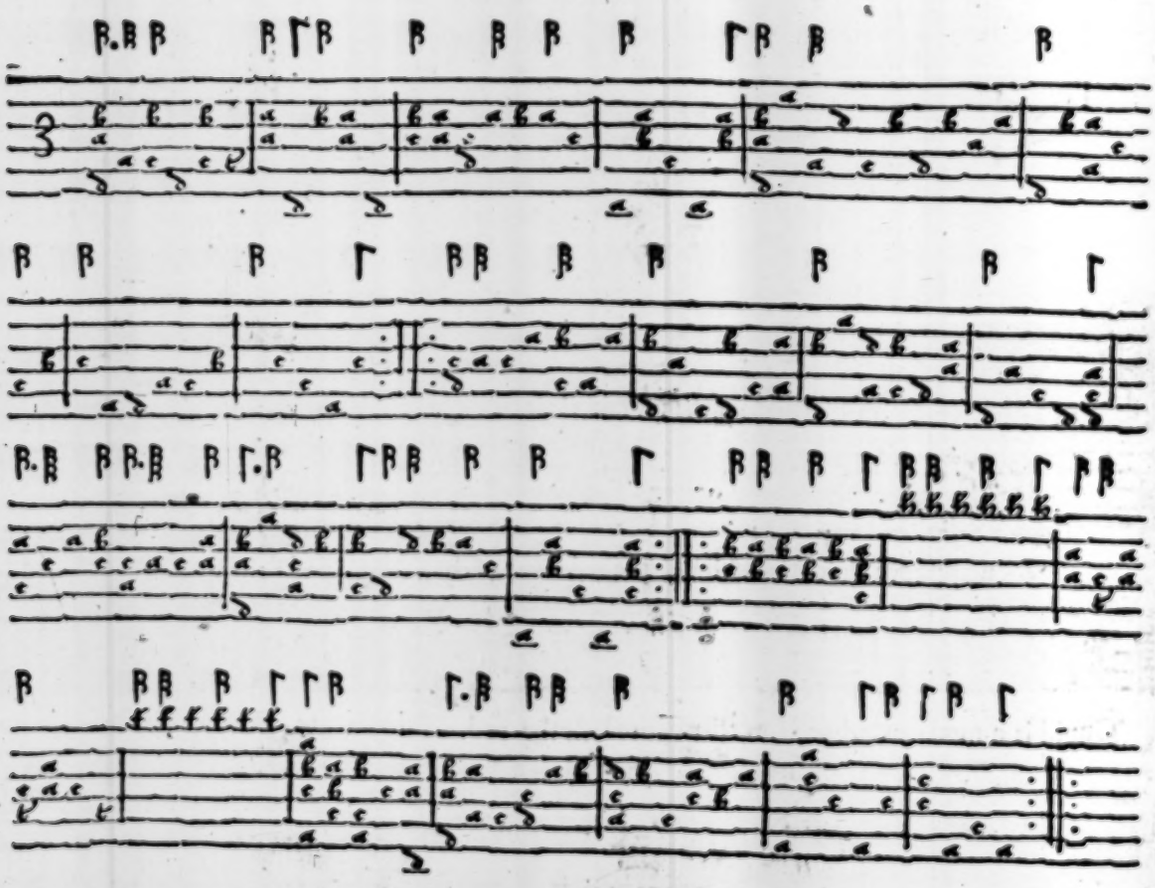
5

The worth that worthineſſe ſhould moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue;
And loue as well the Foſter can,
As can the mighty Nobleman:
Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.

Cupid is a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.
Away poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe, in loue of thoſe that lie and ſleepe. For
Vvay with theſe ſelfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow ne-uer glads.
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
A Way with theſe ſelfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads. Away poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe, in loue of thoſe that lie and ſleepe. For Cupid is a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.
TENOR.
A Way with theſe ſelfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads.
A- way poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe, in loue of thoſe that lie and ſleepe. For
Cupid is a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

My Lord *Chamberlaine* his Galliard.

CANTVS.



BASSVS.